

No 88



IOANNES SECVNDVS.

*Talis Ioannes oculis eram & ore Secundus,
Festinans quintam claudere Olympiadem;
Prævenit cita mors. at, docti dextra Scorelli
Quam dederat, vitam lædere non potuit.*

Aladr. Marius frater.

No 88



IOANNES SECVNDVS.

*Talis Ioannes oculis eram & ore Secundus,
Festinus quintam claudere Olympiadem;
Prævenit cita mors. at, docti dextra Scorelli
Quam dederat, vitam lædere non potuit.*

Aladr. Marius frater.

B A S I A
Joannis Secundi Nicolai
H A G E N S I S :
O R T H E
K I S S E S
O F
J O A N N E S S E C U N D U S N I C O L A I U S
O F T H E
H A G U E.
In *Latin* and *English* V E R S E .

With the L I F E of S E C U N D U S ,
and a Critic upon his *Basia*.

Adorn'd with a Cut of the Author,
and another of his Mistress J U L I A ,
engrav'd by the famous *Bernard Picart*
the *Roman*.

L O N D O N ,

Printed for HENRY LINTOT, at the *Cross-Keys*
between the *Temple Gates*, *Fleetstreet*.

M D C C X X X I .



4.3

7.

6.

92

10

5

I

7

I

is l
wh
mo
eve
ger
Ti
if
his
wh
the
cus
the
sen
ma
goo
as a
has

T O

Sir RICHARD MEADE, *Bar.*

A

DISSERTATION.

In which is contain'd,

The LIFE of SECUNDUS.

IT is a bold Attempt to write a PREFACE, or DEDICATION. In the First, an *Author* gives *Himself* up a Sacrifice to the Publick; in the Latter (which is less excusable) his *Patron*. As to the PREFACE, in which the *Author* plays the *Hero*; tho', besides the common Topics, he might alledge, that, let a Man be ever so much a Man of Pleasure, he must be very ingenious indeed in Folly, fully to complete his Round of Time without the Assistance of Books; that those Books, if chose with any Taste, may naturally tempt him to try his Strength in secret Emulation; especially in Poetry, where the Fire of Youth, and the Passion of Love make the Impulse almost irresistible. For all these florid Excuses, shou'd you pardon the *Writer*, you must condemn the *Publisher*: As it is easier to forgive an Act of sudden Frenzy, than of cool Deliberation. For let the *Roman Satyr*ist never so indulgently regret the Loss of those good Things that *Authors indiscreetly* burn; the World, as a *modern Poet* says, (but with too modest an Application) has much more Reason to complain of what they *indiscreetly*

creetly print. As to the DEDICATION, of which the *Patron* is the *Hero*, the Difficulty increafes. If He happen to prove a Man of Worth, how nice the Point to commend him? If other, how great the Folly? This is by much the moft offensive kind of Adulation. Spoken Flattery is only private Abuse: But written Flattery is a public Libel!

You fee into what favourable Hands you have fallen. And I flatter myfelf, you begin already to recover the Fright I put you in, by taking this Liberty with your Name. To tell you the Truth, tho' I have fome excellent Receipts before me, for a PREFACE and DEDICATION; that is to fay, thofe to *Don Quixot* and *Prince Pofterity*, ufefull Examples for young Authors! I am determin'd not to add a Word, either of *Myfelf* or *You*. It is well for Me however, that I know your Turn, fince after a long Intimacy and Friendfhip, I could no more treat You with that fulfom Ceremony in Publick, than You wou'd indure it from Me in Private.

As therefore my Bookseller advifes Me to prefix fome little Account of *Secundus*, before his Works; a Poet to the *Engliſh* Reader wholly unknown; and not always known to the *Learned*; being what he calls an *Out-of-the-way* Author: I ſhall make That, to eaſe You of all Anxiety, the main Subject of this Diſſertation; which I chuſe to write in this looſe Epiftolary Way, the better to receive ſuch occaſional Digreſſions as I ſhall make to enliven the Detail; and to indulge what You term my Philoſophizing *Humour*.

You muſt not think it odd that I talk ſo reſpectfully of my Bookseller's Advice. Where is the Poet, even among the profeſs'd, not ambitious of entering the World from the Shop of the famous *Bernard Lintott*? For whatever You Gentlemen, that pique Yourſelves upon your Judgment in Books, may imagine, a good Introducer is as uſeſſul to Authors, as to Ambaſſadors a Maſter of the Ceremonies. And we are told of Mr. *Locke*, that he was wont to ſay, " He never could reſiſt the Force " of a Title-page artfully drawn up; and had been led " into

“ into the reading of an infinite Number of bad Books,
 “ by the specious Appearance of the Front.”

Joannes Secundus Nicolaius Hagenfis, flourish'd above two Centuries ago. He was born about that Time when Monkish Learning, which had triumph'd thro' all the darker Ages of Christianity, began to lose Ground, and good Sense to gain Esteem. He rose, as may be said, another *Classic* among the *Classics*, in the Year 1511.

The singular Beauty of his Writings naturally awakens in Us, a pressing Curiosity to know something particular of his Fortune and Character, which are chiefly to be learnt from those Writings: For thus it often falls out with Men of Letters, their Lives are so easily pass'd, (spent, either in Gayety that keeps them from publick Notice; or in Retirement, that renders them almost inaccessible;) that they leave scarce any Traces behind them. Consequently we seldom see them in any shining Scenes; rarely in the Senate, or the Court; in the Council, or the Camp; which makes the Detail less entertaining, as the Inquiry more difficult: And yet I know not what *Romantic* Pleasure we take in hunting them out, tho' ever so reclusé. As sometimes the View of those gloomy Caverns, and sequester'd Vallies, where Nature (as the Poets express it) seems to retire, afford Subject of more delicate Speculation, than of those spreading Plains, and rising Mountains, where she displays herself in all her Grandeur and Magnificence. Not that the Life of *Secundus*, as you shall see, was a Life of Inaction; especially if you consider him as a Poet.

The Father of *Secundus* was *Nicolaus Everardus*; a Name of Note in the *Netherlands*; and distinguish'd among the Families of the *Low-Countries*, by *Aubertus Miræus*, for its Opulence and Power. From what particular Branch our *Everardus* descended, is not so well known. To run over the Particulars of his Life. He was born in *Walkeren*, an Island in the Province of *Zeland*, and in the Neighbourhood of *Middelburg*; from whence he got the Title of *Middelburgenfis*. He studied the Civil and Cannon Law at *Lovain*, where afterwards he took the Doctor's Chair. He was then
 admitted

admitted a Member of the *Grand Council* or *Parliament* of *Mechelen*, whose Jurisdiction was formerly very extensive, by the Favor of the Emperor *Charles the Fifth*. Who satisfied of his Abilities, remov'd Him from thence to the *Hague*; to exercise there the important Charge of President to the States of *Holland* and *Zeland*; and lastly to that of *Mechelen*, the most honourable Trust in these Provinces.

While *Everardus* was yet President of the States of *Holland* and *Zeland*, *Secundus* was born at the *Hague*, whence he got the Name of *Hagensis*. How he came by that of *Secundus*, is still a Question. Whether he took it up of himself; or whether it was given Him by others? Again; what secret Meaning it may imply. Whether to denote his Birth as second in Degree; or whether by Way of *Antiphrasis*, to mark his Merit? *Secundus quasi Nemini Secundus*. This last Conjecture appears the most probable. It is the Point upon which turn most of the Encomiums of his contemporary Wits. Thus *Beza*, after equalling him to some of the Ancients;

*Unus quatuor hæc sic præstitit ille Secundus;
Secundus ut sit Nemini!*

Thus *Scriverius*,

*Sed qui nec minor his, minor nec illis,
Et si non prior, omnibus Secundus!*

Thus *Henricus Hudemannus*.

————— *Secundus ille
Dulci carmine Nemini Secundus!*

And lastly thus *Janus Douša*.

*Secundus ille, Nemini Hippocreniâ
Secundus arte!*

As to his other Name of *Nicolaius*, whether the Sons of *Everardus* assum'd to themselves, according to *Baillet*, the Title of *Nicolai*, taken from *Nicolaus* the Christian Name of their Father; or whether, according to *La-Monnoye*, They receiv'd it from Others; which was a Compliment sometimes paid the Sons of such Men, as had been remarkable in the World, either upon Account

count of their Publick Character or Personal Merit: Be That as it will, we find it universally attach'd to the Names of all the learned Brothers.

The first Impression of Virtue and Knowledge, *Secundus* receiv'd from his Father; the most Natural Tutor. Who not content, as *Horace* honourably observes of his, to educate his Children in the trite Vulgar Way; found Means to turn his very House into a School, of which, we are told, he was himself the Director. He was a Man of Letters, as appears by the Works he publish'd in his Profession; his *Consilia* and *Topica Legalia*, which *Secundus* commends in his Sixty first, and Sixty second *Epigrams*; wrote, as his Epitomiser, *Marconnet*, justly observes, with great Spirit and Liberty, for those Times. *Horridâ, pro seculi illius Rationibus, Libertate.* Inveighing occasionally as well against the Oligarchy of the Nobles, as the Incroachments of the Church; the Mental Reservations of Priests; the Mundane Avocations of Monks; the Rudeness and Ignorance of Ecclesiastical Judges; and the Vileness and Avarice of certain Abbots. Not neglecting at the same Time (which, as *Marconnet* remarks, was the Vice of the Age) the Use of polite Learning; particularly of *Aristotle, Seneca, Livy, Quintilian, Horace, Valerius Maximus, Justin, &c.* among the Ancients; and among the Moderns, of *Erasmus*, his Countryman and Equal. He was therefore the more happily qualified for this Undertaking; his own Example was a sufficient Lesson. Whoever allow Themselves Leisure to consider this Method of Education, will readily agree in the Advantages of it. For Who so capable as the Father to discern the Temper and Humour of the Child, which He has experienc'd from his Infancy? Who so willing as the Father (whose first Concern it is) to take the necessary Precautions and Pains? Who, in short, so proper as the Father (that neither by too much Indulgence, or too much Severity loses his Authority) to observe that just Balance of Awe and Incouragement, requisite to the Advancement of his Studies? But when I say this, You will not imagine I mean every Father; there are some, whom we should

7

think,

think, not quite the best Tutors for their Children : These excepted, it were easy to instance Numbers, such as *Hugo Grotius*, and *Joseph Scaliger*, who, bred up in this Manner, have greatly enrich'd the Commonwealth of Learning: And it was so customary a Practice with the Ancients; "That formerly (as we are told by *Pliny* in his *Epistles*) every Parent undertook the Tutorship of his Family; and in regular Succession, after him, whoever was the First and Oldest." *Olim suus cuique Parens pro Magistro; aut cui Parens non erat, maximus quisque & vetustissimus.* By which Method their Minds were not only form'd to Learning, but to Goodness. For to enter deeper into this Subject of Education, with the Ingenious *Mr. Locke*, the next Requisite, to that of making Children in Love with the Company of their Parents, is, to let them receive all their good Things thence, and from their Hands. Being abroad, it is true, will make them bolder, and better able to bustle and shift among Boys of their own Age; and the Emulation of School-fellows, often puts Life and Industry into young Lads. But 'till you can find a School, wherein it is possible for the Master to look after the Manners of his Scholars; and can show as great Effects of his Care of forming their Minds to Virtue, and their Carriage to Good-breeding, as of forming their Tongues to the learned Languages, You must confess, You have a strange Value for Words, when preferring the Languages of the Ancient *Greeks* and *Romans*, to that which made them such brave Men, you think it worth while, to hazard your Son's Innocence and Virtue for a little *Greek* and *Latin*. But to return.

If I have digress'd a little upon this Subject, it was only with Design to give You at one View a more lively Idea of that House in which our Author was bred; and which, to say the least of it, was a private Academy of Politeness and Learning. This was the School, produc'd, those Four Brothers, so often mention'd in the Verses of *Secundus*. *Everardus Nicolaius*, who had pass'd thro' many high Stations, as one of the Grand Council of *Friesland*; and afterwards of the Grand Council

Council of *Mechelen*; then President of *Friesland*, and afterwards of *Mechelen*; as also Knight of the Order of the Golden Fleece. *Petrus Nicolaius*, a Monk of the Order of *Premontre*, and Doctor of Theology and Civil Law. *Hadrianus Marius Nicolaius*; of the Order of Knighthood, and of the Privy Council; as also Chancellor, of the Province of *Guelderland*. *Nicolaus Grudius Nicolaius*; Treasurer of the Province of *Brabant*, as one of the Privy Council; And both Knight and Register, of the Order of the Golden Fleece. The Two last were Poets as well as *Secundus*. For *Hadrianus Marius* is particularly complimented by our Author, upon his *Cymba Amoris*, or *Bark of Love*; which is doubtless an ingenious Piece;

*Ingeniose Mari, ventura in Secula tecum,
Me tua Cymba vebat, non grave pondus ero;
Cymba! renidentem quâ mutet Cypria concham,
Quamque columbino præferat ipsa iugo!*

Thro' rolling Time, thy nimble *Bark* to freight,
Transport Me, *Marius*! I'm no dang'rous Weight.
Thy *Bark*! for which would change her well-pair'd Doves,
Or splendid Shell, the Mother of the Loves.

El. 1. B. 2. Sec.

And *Nicolaus Grudius* receives this Praise upon his *Narcissus* and *Echo*, compos'd in *Spain*:

*His allecta modis pridem superâsse putatur
Læta Pyrenæas Calliopea niveis.
At tibi pro merito felix Hispania lauros
Virgineas hortis feligat Hesperiiis.
Et tibi Cyngiades intexant ordine Nymphæ
Narcissos lentæ puniceos bedera.* ibid.

Hence lur'd by Thee, the *Muse* victorious goes
Ore trackless Heights of *Pyrenæan* Snows.
While, thankful *Spain*, transported at thy Lays,
Culls from *Hesperian* Gardens Virgin Bays.

And

And creeping Ivy, (for thy Brows design'd)
Fair *Cyngian Nymphs* with soft *Narcissus* bind.

That his Brother *Everardus*, had likewise a Taste for polite Literature, is evident from the Second of the First Book of the *Epistles* of *Secundus*; in which he elegantly informs the Muse;

*Quid petis ulterius? cujus modo Limina vides,
Aonias adamat Frater & ipse Deas.
Et poterat viridi sacra cingere Tempora lauro,
Natus ad Orphææ garrula fila Lyra.
Maluit at tetricæ studiis vigilare Minervæ,
Et colere Astrææ numina Cœlipetæ.
Et jactare foro strepitantia verba disertæ,
Nunc etiam Populo reddere jura truci.
Nec tamen ergo minus Musas veneratur, amatque.
Hæ requies fessi pectoris una manent;
His sese oblectat, cum magna Negotia liquit,
Atque à dicundo Jure subinde vacat.*

To Him You go, sped by the winged Hours,
Who loves in-secret the *Aonian Powers*.
To touch the warbling Lyre of *Orpheus*, born!
And fure with Bays his Temples to adorn!
Had not strict *Pallas* watch'd his studious Nights;
And just *Astrea* call'd to graver Rites:
Litigious Crouds with sounding Words to awe;
And from the *Bench* loud-dictate forceful Law.
But yet not less the *tuneful Maids* he courts;
These! rested from his Labors, are his Sports!
These! his more soft Delights, in Learned Ease
Unbending! his more sweet Amusements *These!*

But the Care of *Everardus* the Father in the Education of his Children is still more conspicuous in the Instance of his Daughter *Iffabella Nicolaïa*. The very Women of this Family were bred to Learning. For that she was able to correspond with *Secundus* in *Latin*; is plain from the Fifth of his First Book of *Epistles*.

Salve,

[xi]

Salve, ô fœminei, soror, unica gloria Sexûs,
 Inferior nullis *Isabella* viris !
 Gaudia quanta mihi, quantum iniecere stuporem,
 Depicta articulis verba Latina tuis ? (venusta ?
 Quàm pia ? quàm lepida ? & quàm mellea ? quàmque
 Quàm docta ? & cunctis illa, polita modis ?
 O quoties lecta Illa mihi ? quotiesque relecta !
 Nec satiare oculos, nec potuere animum !
 Maſte animo, fimilem nullam cui noſtra tulerunt ;
 Fortè dabant olim Sæcula priſca pareis.
 Credo, æquare ſuum poterat quæ carmine Patrem,
Inchyta Naſonis filia talis erat.
 Tullia talis erat, docto dilecta Parenti ;
 Talis erat Gracchos quæ tulit illa duos.
 Sperare hæc qualem ſicuiſſet ab arbore fructum,
 Nî tam non aptâ conſita ſtaret humo !

Shame of our Sex, but of thy Sex the Grace;
 Dear *Isabella* ! as thy Words I trace,
 Thy tender Words, in Roman Figures writ !
 With all that Elegance, and all that Wit !
 That ſo much Goodneſs, ſo much Senſe betray !
 So learn'd, and yet ſo poliſh'd every Way !
 How do I read with Wonder and Delight ?
 Alike inſatiate both of Soul and Sight ?
 How ! rap'd, in ſilent Admiration ſtand,
 At the new Meaſures of the well-known Hand ?
 Where breath thy Equals now among the Fair ?
 Thy Equals were of Old ; or never were !
 Not *She* ſuperior that from *Ovid* ſprung,
 And ſweetly, as her gentle Parent ſung !
 Not *She*, her Father's Pride, in Days of Yore
Tullia ! or *She* that either *Gracchus* bore !
 " So might'ſt Thou flouriſh with fair Offspring crown'd ;
 " If not miſ-planted in ill-ſuited Ground ! —

A young Lady of this extraordinary Turn would
 prove but a troubleſome Correſpondent in ſome Fami-
 lies. An unfashionable Creature ! that might well be
 allow'd to lock Herſelf up in a Convent ! Which was
 the

the real Case of our *Isabella*, and what *Secundus* seems to regret in the Two last Lines of the foregoing *Epistles*.

It is not easy to conceive a Domestic Life more desirable than that which *Secundus* led, in a Family adorn'd with so much Worth and Learning, and united by a Similitude of Sentiments and Studies. For in Affection, a Likeness of Manners is far more prevalent than Affinity of Blood. The Converse therefore here was not that of Brothers only, but of Friends. But to confine myself more particularly to *Secundus*, a certain Harmony and Proportion of good Qualities, compos'd in him a just Beauty that recommended him to all the World. That universal Benevolence of Soul, that sociable Virtue, bespeaks not only the good Poet, but the good Man: For to run over his Works, What Marks does he not give Us of his Sincerity, and Constancy in Friendship? Of his Fondness, and Tenderness in Love? Of his Duty and Affection to Relations? Of his Acknowledgment and Gratitude to Instructors? And what is still more rare to meet, of his Respect and Deference to Men of Genius, even the Poets of his own Time? In him we find no Traces of that malignant Spirit so common among the Learned; who are generally fond of Themselves, envious of Others, impatient of Equals, Tyrants to Inferiors, sparing of Commendation, but liberal in Detraction: Whence it happens, that the most shining Characters are not alway the most amiable. Nay often, the most profound Scholars are the most odious Companions; For Wit without Good-nature, or Sense without Good-breeding, offend even while they please. Tho' they win our Admiration, they lose our Esteem.

Such was the early Life of *Secundus* under his Father; whose chief Concern it was to form him for the Profession of the Law, and render him fit for the State. While *Secundus*, in his most serious Applications, found means to refresh himself with the Sweets of Poetry, and to mix with the Thorns of that harsher Study the Flowers of humaner Literature. In the mean Time, as the good Opinion the Emperor conceiv'd of *Everard*-

[xiii]

us daily increas'd, and daily drew Him more and more to the Attendance of Publick Affairs : Under this Necessity of sacrificing his whole Time to Business, He thought, He could not do better, than to look out for such Masters as were capable of managing that Part of his Son's Education which he could not Himself inspect. The first Tutor He chose for Him, while yet at the Hague, was *Jacobus Volcardus*, whence *Secundus*, in the *Nenia* upon his Death ;

*At Tu, Musarum Formator prime Mearum,
Vive Vale.*

But Thou, first Former of my Muse, farewell !

And in his Epitaph sums up his Character.

*Quicquid Roma docet, quicquid docuistis, Athenæ,
Noverat.*

All that or *Rome* or *Athens* taught, he knew.

His next Instructor was *Rumoldus Stenemola*, Secretary to the Grand Council of *Holland*. This was when he remov'd with his Father to *Mechelen*. That *Stenemola* was not un-vers'd in the learned Languages, appears by the Translation he made out of *Greek* into *Latin*, of the Calumny of *Lucian*, recommended by *Secundus* in his Thirty-seventh *Epigram*. In another *Epigram*, he puts him in Mind of his old Indulgence to him :

*Affuetus Genium probare nostrum ;
Jam tum, quum imperio tuo sonabam
Parvus carmina rennuente Lingua. Epig. 49.*

By which it seems, *Secundus* was early initiated by the Muses. His Brother *Marius* says expressly, he began to write at the Age of Ten.

*Dulcibus ut Musis tenero devinctus ab ævo,
Cum bis quintus adhuc parvo decurreret annus ;
Jam tunc imperio cantabas docta Magistri*

b

Carmina,

the real Case of our *Isabella*, and what *Secundus* seems to regret in the Two last Lines of the foregoing *Epistles*.

It is not easy to conceive a Domestic Life more desirable than that which *Secundus* led, in a Family adorn'd with so much Worth and Learning, and united by a Similitude of Sentiments and Studies. For in Affection, a Likeness of Manners is far more prevalent than Affinity of Blood. The Converse therefore here was not that of Brothers only, but of Friends. But to confine myself more particularly to *Secundus*, a certain Harmony and Proportion of good Qualities, compos'd in him a just Beauty that recommended him to all the World. That universal Benevolence of Soul, that sociable Virtue, bespeaks not only the good Poet, but the good Man: For to run over his Works, What Marks does he not give Us of his Sincerity, and Constancy in Friendship? Of his Fondness, and Tenderness in Love? Of his Duty and Affection to Relations? Of his Acknowledgment and Gratitude to Instructors? And what is still more rare to meet, of his Respect and Deference to Men of Genius, even the Poets of his own Time? In him we find no Traces of that malignant Spirit so common among the Learned; who are generally fond of Themselves, envious of Others, impatient of Equals, Tyrants to Inferiors, sparing of Commendation, but liberal in Detraction: Whence it happens, that the most shining Characters are not alway the most amiable. Nay often, the most profound Scholars are the most odious Companions; For Wit without Good-nature, or Sense without Good-breeding, offend even while they please. Tho' they win our Admiration, they lose our Esteem.

Such was the early Life of *Secundus* under his Father; whose chief Concern it was to form him for the Profession of the Law, and render him fit for the State. While *Secundus*, in his most serious Applications, found means to refresh himself with the Sweets of Poetry, and to mix with the Thorns of that harsher Study the Flowers of humaner Literature. In the mean Time, as the good Opinion the Emperor conceiv'd of *Everard*-

us daily increas'd, and daily drew Him more and more to the Attendance of Publick Affairs : Under this Necessity of sacrificing his whole Time to Business, He thought, He could not do better, than to look out for such Masters as were capable of managing that Part of his Son's Education which he could not Himself inspect. The first Tutor He chose for Him, while yet at the Hague, was *Jacobus Volcardus*, whence *Secundus*, in the *Nenia* upon his Death ;

*At Tu, Musarum Formator prime Mearum,
Vive Vale.*

But Thou, first Former of my *Muse*, farewell !

And in his Epitaph sums up his Character.

*Quicquid Roma docet, quicquid docuistiis, Athenæ,
Noverat.*

All that or *Rome* or *Athens* taught, he knew.

His next Instructor was *Rumoldus Stenemola*, Secretary to the Grand Council of *Holland*. This was when he remov'd with his Father to *Mechelen*. That *Stenemola* was not un-vers'd in the learned Languages, appears by the Translation he made out of *Greek* into *Latin*, of the Calumny of *Lucian*, recommended by *Secundus* in his Thirty-seventh *Epigram*. In another *Epigram*, he puts him in Mind of his old Indulgence to him :

*Affuetus Genium probare nostrum ;
Jam tum, quum imperio tuo sonabam
Parvus carmina rennucnte Linguâ. Epig. 49.*

By which it seems, *Secundus* was early initiated by the Muses. His Brother *Marius* says expressly, he began to write at the Age of Ten.

*Dulcibus ut Musis tenero devinctus ab ævo,
Cum bis quintus adhuc parvo decurreret annus ;
Jam tunc imperio cantabas docta Magistri*

b

Carmina,

[xiv]

*Carmina, sic illi tamen baud vulganda per Orbem.
Tunc spes nata tuis amplæ certissima frugis.*

Among his Amusements, may be reckon'd Sculpture and Painting, to which he was led by a natural Propensity, as he says himself in a certain Letter to *Joannes Scorellius*. *Has Fingendi Pingendique Artes arcano quodam Naturæ jussu semper amplexus sum & admiratus. Cui juvenili levitati aliquem Sculpendi usum ausus sum adjungere.* He particularly attempted the Emperor *Charles the Fifth*; as he tells us in the Second of his Third Book of *Elegies*; and the Eighth of his First Book is occasion'd by undertaking his Mistress *Julia*. But besides these, he did his Father and Brothers, several of his intimate Friends, as also his other Favourite, *Venerilla*, and *Næra*, the Subject of his *BASIA*. To this Purpose *Marius*:

*Nulla dies unquam, taleis plaga nulla labores
Nesciet, artificesque manus, & cæla Poetæ,
Julia queis vivo formosa in marmore spirat,
Et formosa Næra, atque Altera, tertius ignis;
Et chari Fratrum vultus, charique Parentis,
Oraque Amicorum varia, & tua, maxime Cæsar,
Nunquam sculpta aliâ melius simulatave dextrâ.*

Thus far of his Sculptures. But as to his Paintings He left many behind, as well Originals as Copies. Of which the same Author:

*Quid memorem, argillâ solitus quos ducere ab udâ
Viventeis Hominum vultus, vultusque Deorum.*

From these Draughts, I am apt to believe, were taken originally the Cuts that are still preserv'd of *Nicolaus Grudius* and *Hadrianus Marius*; of which, you may remember, I pick'd up Exemplars accidentally, as we travel'd together through *Holland*. Perhaps also, That of *Julia* inserted below, was copy'd from one of *Secundus's*, round which is this Verse of our Author's:

Vatis

[XV]

Vatis Amatoris Julia sculpta manu !

Fair *Julia*, wrought by her fond Poet's Hand.

Secundus, as inserted above, with his Poems and Engraving-Tools before him, holds in his Hand a *Julia* in Miniature not unlike it, which we are to suppose he has just finished, according to the Attitude *Scorellius* gives him. If *Scorellius* be the Sculptor of the *Secundus* in the *Scriverian* Edition, as the *Epigram* of *Marius* intimates ;

*At docti dextra Scorelli
Quam dederat, vitam lædere non potuit.*

Placed underneath : Which, however may refer, as well to some Picture of *Secundus*, drawn by *Scorellius*, whence this Cut might be taken. *Douza* in his *Iambics* speaks of such a Picture drawn by *Scorellius* from the Life.

*Tabella cujus ista fert Imaginem ?
Quid ! anne Vatis ora conspicer mei ?
Ita est : Manus Scorellæ vides opus ;
Cui exprimenda, quæ licet coloribus,
Secundus ipse vivus ora præbuit.*

Be That as it will, the Cuts both of *Julia* and *Secundus*, here inserted, are engraved by *Picart*, a celebrated Artist in this Way ; from Those *Scriverius* places before his Edition, as Authentic Copies, wherever He got them. It was thought necessary to soften his Features a little, for they had given our Author the Look of Fifty rather than Five-and-Twenty. In 'This *Picart* follow'd the Example of a later Engraver, who draws Him with a more juvenile Air. This was the same Hand that did *Marius* and *Grudius*. In all other Circumstances He keeps close to the Cut of *Scriverius*. For the Rest ; notwithstanding the strictest Search, it was not possible to recover any Draught of *Næra* ; tho' She had certainly pass'd thro' our Author's Hands, as was said above, as well *Julia*.

In the Beginning of the Year 1532, *Secundus* pass'd
b 2 from

from *Mechelen* to *Bourges*; where at that Time the famous Civilian, *Andreas Alciatus*, read Lectures of Law. Our Author was now Twenty, and not so intirely possess'd with these Amusements, as wholly to neglect his graver Studies. He gives us himself an Account of this Journey into *France*, in the first of his three *Itinéraires*; which *Daniel Heinsius* publish'd at *Leyden*, in 1618, found, as it seems, among the Papers of *Bonaventura Vulcanius*.

There are none of the Works of *Secundus* better worth Reading than these, by such as desire to see him in his free and familiar Light. The Description he makes of the Towns and Countries through which he pass'd, and the Judgment he forms of the Manners and Men with whom he convers'd, are very different from those of Modern Travellers; who, to use the rough antique Phrase of *Milton*, in his Treatise of Education, too implicitly rely on the "*Monseurs of Paris*, that take our *hopeful* Youth into their *slight* and *prodigal* Custodies, to send them over back again transform'd into *Mimicks*, *Apes*, and *Kickshoes*." A Censure that comes the better from the Mouth of *Milton*; who, of all *Englishmen* that have travel'd, has done the most Honor to his Country, by the Intimacy and Correspondence he inculcated with learned Foreigners. As *Secundus* was more solicitous to gain Knowledge, than affect it, this laudable Disposition made him ambitious, wherever he went, of cultivating their Friendship and Acquaintance, whose Reputation for Arts, or Letters, had made any Noise and Figure in the World. A Practice he afterwards continued in all his Travels.

On the 19th Day of *March* he arrived at *Bourges*, where he stay'd a whole Year; improving himself as well with the daily Conversation, as Instruction of *Alciatus*, his Humane and Learned Teacher, as he calls him; *Doctissimus Humanissimusque Præceptor*. For to give you a just Idea of *Alciatus*; he is greatly distinguish'd from all those that went before him in his Profession, for freeing the Law from the Barbarity and Slavery to which it had been reduc'd, under the little Ty-

ranny

[xvii]

ranny of the Practitioner Lawyers, who (as *Baillet* observes) had but a Jargon of *Latin*. The best Proof of this, is his Book of the *Paradoxes of the Civil Law*; which he begun while yet an Undergraduate in the Schools; for it was a Task he set himself in Private, to examine every Day what he had heard in Publick: And this not by the Rule of Practice, but the Test of Truth. The pleasant Manner in which the old Doctors criticiz'd this Book, is worth observing. They durst not, we are told, attack it upon its non-conformity to their Prejudices. But they complain'd most grievously, That the *Latin* was too fine! The Style too Polite! There was too much Delicacy in it! That nothing was so pernicious in a Lawyer, as such Literature! That the Author of the *Paradoxes* was a Prevaricator of the ancient Forms and Uses! That, to conclude, he was a Traytor, willing to introduce *Humanity* into the *Law*! Which, you may judge, was a Capital Offence. *Secundus*, however, found him not the worse qualified for his Occasions: And as he had a Taste for Poetry (which appears by his Emblems) it is no wonder to find, that several little complementary Pieces pass'd between them; as well from *Alciatus* to *Secundus*, as from *Secundus* to *Alciatus*.

In the following Year, 1533, on the 4th of *March*, he set out for *Mechelen*, having first receiv'd his Degrees from the Hands of *Alciatus*. This Journey is the Subject of his second *Itinerary*. At his Return he sustain'd a great Loss; the Loss, I mean, of his Mistress *Julia*, in whose Praises he compos'd his first Book of *Elegies*. Not all the Arguments *Secundus* was Master of, could keep this Lady from giving herself up for ever into the Possession of another.

At tu, (sive tuos igneis transmittis in illum)

Julia! (sive magis te tua fata trahunt)

Infelix nimis, & querulo mihi carmine flenda es,

Cogeris ignoto quæ comes ire viro;

Et te captivis Hominum miscere catervis,

Eque brevi verbo ferre perenne malum. El. 7. L. 1.

[xviii]

And must Thou, hapless, much-lamented Maid !
 (By treach'rous Love, or luck-less Fate betray'd !)
 Hence banish'd with an un-known Consort go ?
 Too ill-inform'd of Matrimonial Woe !
 Few are the Words that bind the Captive Crew ;
 But ah ! not so the Torments that in-sue !

Nor all the *Encomiums* he could write upon Primitive Liberty.

*Quàm benè priscorum currebat vita parentum,
 Ingenuæ Veneris libera sacra colens !
 Nondum Conjugii nomen servile patebat,
 Nec fuerat Divis adnumeratus Hymen.
 Passim communes exercebantur Amores
 Omnibus, & proprii nescius orbis erat.
 Scilicet ex illo sensit fera jura, jacetque
 Clausa pedem durâ compede serva Venus.
 Mortales, scelere Leges præscribite vestro,
 Innocuam vinclis nec cohibete Deam.
 An quia Lemniacis semel est elusa catenis,
 Digna erit à vobis quæ graviora ferat ?* Ibid.

Happy our Sires ! (not such our forc'd Delights)
 Whom blest Ingenuous Love with lib'ral Rites.
 Marriage, with servile Feet they never trod ;
 And fetter'd Hymen never deem'd a God.
 The Paths of Venus yet were free to all ;
 And none could His repenting Beauty call.
 Now circumscrib'd She lies by cruel Laws,
 And scarce the cumb'rous Weight of Bondage draws.
 What Furies, impious Men, your Senses blind ?
 Forbear your Wrongs ! Her tender Limbs un-bind !
 Because once caught, of Old, in Lemnian Chains ;
 Must you inflict, Presumptuous, lasting Pains ?

How sincerely he was affected with this Loss, appears by the Letter he wrote sometime after from *Brussels* to his Friend *Petrus Clericus*, at *Mechelen*, " I am at pre-
 " sent

[xix]

“ sent in the celebrated City of *Brussels*, in the daily
 “ Converse of Persons of the greatest Learning. No-
 “ thing is wanting to delight the Eyes or Ears: And yet
 “ I am here against my Will. None but you wou’d
 “ believe me capable of this. Perhaps you won’t be-
 “ lieve it neither; conscious as you are of the Ardor of my
 “ Passion. “ But she has left *Mechelen*. ” (You will say,)
 “ What then? The Impressions of her Feet remain;
 “ and I shall be somewhat, at least, nearer her. Or if
 “ you think this ridiculous; were it only for this Rea-
 “ son I must return, to drive the Remembrance of her
 “ from my Mind, by the Admission of some new Ob-
 “ ject. I see no other possible Means; tho’ much I
 “ doubt, whether,

An calor hic alias possit sibi quærere sedes.

Hactenus hunc certè Julia sola tenet.

Candida quantumvis, & non deformior illâ,

Et versatilibus ebria luminibus;

Sæpè meos oculos in se Vicina moretur;

Oscula quæ facilis ad mea sponte venit.

Another Flame can warm this partial Breast :

As yet by lovely *Julia* sole-possess.

Ev’n tho’ a Nymph, that equal Charms displays,

And Eyes that roll as sweetly-varying Rays ;

Now doats to Death on my regardless Eyes :

And to my languid Lips, officious, flies.

But this Turn of Mortification was not likely to last long in one so young and lively as *Secundus*. Accordingly *Venerilla* soon succeeded *Julia* in his Affections; and *Næra*, *Venerilla*; who all out-liv’d their Lover, as we are told by *Grudius*.

Ipsa quidem ante alios flens charum Julia vatem;

Illa tuus, Frater, Julia, primus amor !

Julia ! formosas inter victura Puellas !

Vatis amatoris munere facta Dea !

[XX]

Here *Julia*, wails her Lover, with the rest;
Julia! first Mistress of thy artless Breast!
Julia! above all Human Beauty prais'd;
 A Goddess by her am'rous Poet rais'd!

And a little farther,

*Triste subivissent Venerilla Neæraque funus,
 Manibus, unanimes, & pia verba darent.
 Hæc quoque frigenti tot Basia figeret ori,
 Quot solita est vivo figere, quotque modis.*

Here *Venerilla* too, sad Maid! appears;
 And plaintive Words bestows with pious Tears.
 While on thy Lips, her Lips *Neæra* lays;
 And *Kisses*, as alive, a Thousand Ways.

And now *Secundus* began to think more seriously of putting to a proper Use, those natural and acquir'd Accomplishments which could not fail making him Conspicuous. Resolv'd therefore to lose no Time, he prepares to go to *Spain*, where his Brother *Grudius* waited for him. And as he knew how to turn to best Advantage, the Friendships he contracted with Men of Genius and Merit; he neglected getting no proper or necessary Recommendations. In his Letter to *Scorellius*, of the 8th of "May, I am no Stranger, says he, to your Intimacy with "Count *Nassau*; as I go shortly into *Spain*, where he "is expected, it would be much to my Advantage, in "the present Situation of Affairs, could I, by any "Means, introduce myself into the Graces of so Great "and Good a Prince: Which Favor I beg at your "Hands, whenever Occasion serves, whether by Letter, or by Word; if you happen to visit him in Person. "The best Subject of Recommendation, will be that of "my Father, whom he lov'd extremely. You can do "nothing to oblige me more, or bind me more to you." This Journey he afterwards undertook, on the 8th of May 1533. He gives a most agreeable Description of it,

it, as far as *Almoigna*, in the third Itinerary; during which we find him, as in his other Travels, a most inquisitive Inspector into all Things Curious, either in Art or Nature; busied, sometimes in observing the Traces of Antiquity; and sometimes in delivering commendatory Letters to Persons of the first Merit and Rank. Sometimes agreeably amusing Himself with gay Reflections, and sometimes wisely philosophizing on serious Subjects. So that the Judgment *Heinsius* passes upon these Pieces, in his Letter to *Lernutius*, seems no Way rash in my Opinion; when He says, They breath something of the Spirit of *Horace* and *Lucilius*, as far as Poetry resembles Prose. *Dicas, nisi quâ solutus planè pedibus est Sermo, aliquid Lucilii aut Horatii in his Itineribus spirare.* For, as the same judicious Critic observes, *Secundus* had a happy Talent in the facetious, and familiar Way: *Quam facetus & expeditus in familiari genere est?* The proper Character for this sort of Writing.

It is no Wonder then to find him, on his first Arrival in *Spain*, receiv'd by the great Cardinal *Tavera*, Archbishop of *Toledo*, in Quality of Secretary to his Latin Letters. Especially when we consider, the Specimen *Scrivenerius* gives us of his Manner, in those *Prose-Epistles*, which he published at the End of his poetical Works; partly copied from the Author's own Hand, and partly from the Hand of *Douza*. This Charge requir'd not less Integrity than Ability. For the Cardinal, as *Marius* intimates, intrusted him with Secrets of the utmost Consequence, in the Correspondence he held with the first People of *Italy*, and with the *Pope* himself, who was *Paul* the Third.

*Quem Dominum dudum suspirat maxima Roma;
Ille tibi arcanaeque notas, arcanaque scripta
Credidit, atque tuâ gavissus scribere dextrâ est
Magnanimos Latii ad Proceres, dominæque potentem
Paulum Urbis dominum.*

Secundus

Secundus continuing his old Custom of mixing Business and Poetry, compos'd about this Time his *Regia Pecuniæ*, or Palace of Money; sending it inclos'd to his Friend *Petrus Clericus*, in the Twelfth of his First Book of Epistles, dated, *ex Montissonio. Calend. Octob. 1533.* which marks exactly the Year of his *Spanish Expedition*. Among other Pieces, he writ the Description of the Country and Climate of *Aragon*; also of the old Imperial Town, *Cæsarea Augusta*; that is to say, the Eleventh and Twelfth *Elegies* of the Third Book. And, what is more pertinent to our Subject, his *Book of Kisses*.

But *Secundus*, who was us'd to the moderate Air of *Flanders*, makes many Complaints, in his Poems, of the Heat of *Italy* and *Spain*; and the Year following he was seiz'd with a Fever, as he accompany'd the Cardinal, on his way to *Compostella*. He was obliged to stay behind, which he laments in a beautifull *Elegy*, dated, *In suburbano Palentino sub finem Julii 1534.*

The next Year, 1535, he pass'd over into *Afric*, upon the famous *Tunitane Expedition*; which the Emperor manag'd himself in Person, against the noted Pyrate *Barba-rossa* the second: Who, from the lowest Extraction his Father was a Potter) had rais'd himself to be King of *Argier*, and Admiral to the great Turk *Solyman* the Magnificent. Whoever has dipt the least into History, knows, that about this Time *Charles* the Fifth, being likely to prove too strong for *Francis* the First, in the Contention for *Italy*; the *French* Monarch, assisted by the *Pope*, could think of no better Expedient than, under hand, to draw upon him the *Turk*. Who accordingly furnish'd his Admiral with a vast Equipment for the Invasion of *Italy*; instructing him particularly, to conquer *Genoa* for the King of *France*; and then to seize *Tunis*, on the Coast of *Afric*. There were two Competitors, at this Time, for the Crown of *Tunis*, when *Barba-rossa* appearing with his whole Fleet, and offering to espouse one Faction, got the better of both. Having settled the Government of that City, and reduc'd the Country round about; he next took Care to fortify the Place; especially to clear and sink the Chan-

nel,

nel, which runs winding three Leagues between *Tunis* and *Goleta*; and to gather all the Forces he could to invade *Sicily*, threatening *Naples* at the same Time; which moved the *Emperor* to undertake this great, but hazardous Expedition. As nothing animates more to Virtue than the Example of the Princee; *Charles* the Fifth went attended to *Tunis* by Numbers of the Nobility and Gentry, as well *Flemish* and *German*, as *Spanish* and *Italian*: Infomuch, that *Prudencio de Sandoval*, computes the Number of *Volunteers* at Sixteen Thousand.

Among these was *Secundus*; perhaps too inconsiderately, upon Account of his Health: For he that could not bear the Warmth of *Italy* and *Spain*, was but ill-qualified to indure the Fervor of *Africa*; especially in the scorching Season: The *Imperial* Navy not setting Sail till the 30th of *May*, from *Barcelona*, nor landing among the Ruins of old *Carthage* till the 16th of *June*, so that the Siege of *Goleta* and *Tunis* continued the better Part of *July*; and it was the 17th of *August* before the *Emperor*, after the Reduction of these Places, re-embarked for *Sicily*. During all which Time the *Volunteers* suffer'd great Hardships from bad Diet, and worse Water, that bred Distempers in the Army, to which their constant Toil contributed: For being unprovided with *Pioneers*, not only the Soldiers, but *Gentlemen*, says *Sandoval*, underwent the Labor at the Works; which could not be carry'd on but by Night, because of the continual firing of great and small Shot from the Walls. Not to mention those sudden Hurricanes of Wind, which overthrowing their Tents, and blinding them with the Sands, render'd them almost unable to hold their Arms; nauseated, as they were, at the same Time with the Stench of dead Bodies fallen in the Sallics, that infected the Air; expos'd all Night to Dews that were excessive Cold; and all Day to the intense Heat of the Sun.

What military Exploits our *Secundus* perform'd, you must not inquire. It is enough for a Poet, you will allow (a Nation studious of Eate!) to have suffer'd these
Incon-

[XXIV]

Inconveniences, and to have avoided the Self-reproach of *Horace*, *Non bene reliſſâ Parmulâ !* That *non bene*, which touches with ſuch Pleaſure a certain Friend of ours; a Perſon of exquisite Taſte; and which He ſo frequently explains, as one of thoſe *happy Turns*, term'd by an ancient Critic *curioſa Felicitas !* ſo ſtriking, yet not to be expreſs'd in any other Language !

Marius informs us, it was the Cardinal *Tavera* advis'd him to follow the *Emperor* into *Afric*.

————— *Quin & te Cæſaris Arma
Inſtrûctumque ſequi juſſit per Cæſula claſſem.*

That there might not be wanting an Eye-witneſs capable to deſcribe his Actions.

————— *Ut eſſet
Viſturo præſens qui poſſet carmine bella,
Tantaque magnanimi deſcribere Cæſaris acta.*

And certainly, the Subject was in itſelf not Unpoetical. There are many Circumſtances to imbelliſh it. The Siege of *Goleta*. The Battle of *Tunis*. The Fleet. The Camp. The Arrival of the rightful King to beg Protection. The Mock-skirmiſh, to ſhow the Dexterity of the Moors in ſitting their Horſes, even without Saddles, after the old *Numidian* Way; and in managing their Lances, ſome of which were ten Yards in Length. The Ruins of *Antiquity*; of *Utica* and *Carthage*. The Scenes of Action all lying on *Clasſic* Ground. But particularly the *Contrast* in the two *opposite* Commanders. The Character of *Savage* Bravery in *Barba-roſſa*; and of *Humane* Valor in the *Emperor*. *Borrichius*, as *Baillet* obſerves, ſeems to tax our Author with Lightneſs, when he ſays, He could not dwell long upon a ſerious Subject. Tho' at the ſame Time, he allows, he wanted neither Force, nor Delicacy, even at this Age; to obſerve that Juſtneſs and Decorum, ſo eſſential to grave Subjects.

It is certain, we have nothing of *Secundus* but a few Fragments upon this *Tunitane Expedition*. Yet I cannot think the Censure of *Borrichius* quite unexceptionable. For, not to expatiate on his Travels, and other Studies; which took up the better Part of his Life: I know no Author, either *Greek* or *Roman*, that, without these Avocations, has left such Works behind him at the Age of *Secundus*; many of which as his *Funera* for Instance, are serious Pieces. For none of the *Epic Poets* died so young: Not even *Valerius Flaccus*, whose immature Death we find lamented by *Quintilian*. And none even of those Poets whom he more particularly imitated; I mean the *Lyric*, *Epigrammatic* or *Elegiac*: Not even *Tibullus*, bewail'd by his Friend *Ovid*. So that had he liv'd to touch upon the *Epopeia*, (for which hitherto he had neither Leisure nor Time) he had probably surpass'd all those that had set out before him in that Tract, as well as in the rest, since the Restoration of Learning: To make no very extravagant Supposition. It is at least the Opinion of *Cripius*, who professes to have seen the Essays he left unfinish'd at his Death. *Fragmenta ejus quæ extant in eo genere, quid præstare potuisset facile ostendunt.* In his Letter to *Grudius* and *Marius*.

But to proceed. The Cardinal *Tavera*, at his Return from *Afric*, always solicitous for his Promotion, intended to have sent him to *Rome*, to congratulate the Pope, in the Name of his Master.

*Deinde uti Victorem terræque marique secutus,
Flaventem ad Tybrim, magnæque palatia Romæ,
Pontifici summo summos Orator honoreis
Nominègratareris Heri, triplicemque Coronam. Marius.*

For which he was every way qualified, not only from his Readiness and Mastery in the learned Languages; but from his Ingenuity and Eloquence: Talents both natural and acquir'd.

Eloquiumve potens, Ingeniumve sagax. Grudius.
Hence

Hence in his Epitaph, he is styl'd *Orator* as well as *Poet*, *Oratori ac Poetæ*.

But here again his Health fail'd him; so that he was oblig'd (though upon the Way to *Rome*) to turn his Course, with all Expedition, towards his Native Country.

*Obstitit atra Lues, & diri injuria morbi;
E mediâque viâ vestigia vertere retrò
Compulsi, & patrias invitum quærere Sedes.* Marius.

He was no sooner arriv'd, than receiv'd by *Georgius Edgemonodus*, Bishop of *Utrecht*, in the same Capacity, as before by the Archbishop of *Toledo*.

*Ut patrios intra finis cum Præsule sancto,
Trajecti cui cessit Apex, & maxima Tempa,
Conditione ageres simili, sed non diuturnâ.* Marius.

Much about the same Time, a Letter came from the Emperor's first *Prothotary*, who barely upon the Experience of his Ability, (for he had known him Abroad) sent for him, without the least Solicitation; to manage that Branch of *Latin Letters* sign'd by the Emperor's own Hand, who was this Year in *Italy*. For thus again, *Marius*:

*Nam summos paulo ante dies ad Cæsaris aulam,
Accersitum ultrò Pernoti litera venit.
(Pernoti! sine quo magnus nil Marte, Togæ
Cæsar agit, dudum Hispaniâ cui notus in orâ est
Ingenio quantum, dextrâ, linguâve valeres.)
Cæsaris ut signata manu, quæcunque Latino
Littera ferretur latum sermone per orbem,
Ingenii illa tui dextræque opus esset & oris.*

And now, had not Death interpos'd, *Secundus* could not fail raising himself to the highest Honors; equal at least to those of his Father and Brothers; in an Age so busy as this, and under a Prince so discerning as *Charles*

the

[XXVII]

the Fifth. But four Days after his Arrival at *Saint-Amand*, in the District of *Tournay*, and formerly, as is said, the Seat of the *Nervii*; where he came to meet the Bishop of *Utrecht*, Abbot, or *Pro-Abbot* rather, of that magnificent Monastery of *Benedictins*, in which is lodg'd the Temporal as well as Spiritual Jurisdiction of the Place: He was seiz'd with so violent a Fever, that he died on the fifth Day, not yet Twenty five Years old, in *October* 1536. and was bury'd in the Monastery-Church, where his Brothers erected to his Memory a Marble Monument. *Aubertus Miræus* in his *Elogiæ Belgarum*, of the first Edition, recites thus the *Inscription* of his Tomb, omitted in the second Edition.

IOANNI HAGENSE
SECRETARIO REVERENDISS. DOMINI
TRAIECTENSIS, ET ABBATIE
HUIUS PRÆLATI FRATRES ET SO-
RORES POSVERE.

OBIIIT A. MD. XXXVI.
VIII. KAL. OCTOB.

And mentions another in *French* to the same Purpose. But *Scriverius* gives us the *Epitaph* of our Poet more at large, found by him accidentally, in the Hand-writing of *Douza*.

IOANNI SECUNDO HAGIENSI BATAVO, I. C. ORATORI AC POETÆ CLARISS. FINGENDI QVOQ. AC SCULPENDI LAUDATISS. ARTIFICI: QVI PRIMVM IN HISPANIIS, IOANNI TAVERÆ TOLETANO CARDINALI; DEINDE IN PATRIA, ILLVSTRIGEORGIO AB EGMONDA, TRAIECTENSI PRÆSVLI, ET HUIVS LOCIPRIMATI, AB EPISTOLIS ET SECRETIS FVIT; POSTREMO AB CAROLO V. IMP. AVG. ACCERSITVS, VT EANDEM DEIN-

[xxviii]

BEINCEPS APVD SE FVCTIONEM
OBIRET, IMMATVRA NIMIVM
MORTE RAPTO, MATER, FRATRES,
AC SORORES TRISTISSIMF DESI-
DERI MONIMENTVM
POSVERVNT.

VIXIT AN. 1551 ET XX. MENS. X. DIES X.
OBIIT ANNO AB RESTITVTA SALV-
TE M. D. XXXVI. VIII CA-
LEND. OCTOB.

Which Epitaph to *Secundus* was afterwards eras'd and abolish'd, among other *Public Monuments*, in the Heat and Rage of the Civil Wars. But *Franciscus Sweertius*, in his *Selectis Orbis Christiani Deliciis*, exhibits it among the *Tornacensia*, thus again restor'd by *Carolus De Par*, Abbot of the Place, at the Request of *Dionysius Villarius*, and *Hieronymus Wingbius*; particularly in the Nave of the Church. That is to say, the Monastery-Church of *Saint-Amand*.

IOANNI SECUNDO HAGIENSI,
*Poëtæ celeberrimo & nulli secundo: cujus tu-
mulum hæreticorum furore anno c1o 1o LXVI
violatum, CAROLVS DE PAR Abbas,
ob tanti viri memoriam restaurari C.
Obijt anno c1o 1o XXXVI, Kalend. Octob.
à Secretis Georgii Egmondani Traiectens.
Episcopi, hujus loci Pro-Abbat.*

But *Secundus* has left a better and more lasting Monument behind Him in his Writings. A large Collection; which, however scarce of late, has undergone several different Editions. Of which there follows an exact Account in the Postscript. As at the End of all, I shall again trouble you with some particular Observations upon the *Basia*, in a separate Dissertation. For I am unwilling to tire you out at once, and have detain'd you perhaps, too long, already. Besides, that after a Perusal of the Work itself, you will be better able, to judge of any Critic (did you need the Assistance of any Critic) form'd upon it.

POST.

POSTSCRIPT

Of the various Editions of Secundus.

THE same Reason that induc'd me to inquire into the Circumstances of his Life, induces me now to inquire into the Editions of his Works; I mean the Ignorance the better Part even of the Reading *World*, lies under, of so delicate and polite an Author. As This, however, is likely to prove, a more useful than entertaining Inquiry; it was thought proper to detach it from the other. For the Perusal only of such as delight in that Kind of Erudition call'd the Knowledge of Books; or of such as may propose hereafter to prepare him again for the Press.

Soon after the Death of *Secundus*, his Brother *Marius*, of whom He makes such frequent and honourable Mention in his Verses, begun to solicit an Edition of his Works. To Him, who was so nearly interested, We owe their Preservation. For *Secundus*, had so little in Him, of that Anxiety Authors usually witness for their Productions; that paternal and often blind Fondness for their Offspring; that He had barely yet entertained Thoughts of putting them in Order for the Press; according to *Marius*, in his Letter to *Servatius Zassenus*. But you may judge more certainly of his Indifference, from what *Secundus* himself writes to *Marius*, from *Scovia*; "Accept, says he, this single Elegy, dearest Brother, which I have some-time resolv'd to insert in my Book of *Julia*. . . Pardon, whatever of confused you find in it. It was produced, the better Part, on Horse-back within these few Days. You that have Leisure, may make it more regular and compos'd."

“ Take the Trouble I intreat You. *For there is nothing I hate so much as the Revival of my own Verses.* ”

Letters, it is true, are not always faithful Messengers of our Minds. We vary upon Occasion, not only the Turn of Style, but Thought, as the Characters of those Persons, with whom We hold Correspondence, turn or vary. And certainly if we design them for public View; let our private Lives be ever so irregular, it is allowable, in Decency of Manners to throw a Shade over them, where they cannot bear the Light. And he deserves, perhaps, to be called *weak*, rather than *open*, that forfeits officiously the Good Opinion of Mankind, by an unreasonable Ingenuity. Yet for all This, let an Author disguise Himself ever so artfully; He cannot always forbear, *sketching* out the *Man* in the *Writings*. Dissemble ever so luckily, He cannot but let slip, on some Occasions, unguarded Expressions; sufficient, to describe, and paint, if I may say so, a tolerable-faithful Image, of his Disposition and Mind. This, even in studied Compositions. But when We come to speak of familiar and private Letters; such as That of *Secundus* to *Marius*; where the Author could have neither an Intention, nor Occasion to disguise Himself, We cannot well suppose Him in-sincere. His Three *Itineraries*, and Two Books of *Epistles* in Verse, wrote to his intimate Friends and Relations, may be thought to merit the same Indulgence.

But as *Marius* was at work upon the Poems of *Secundus*; pursuing, (as he says himself, in the Letter above-quoted) the Order, laid down by his Brother; to render the *Edition* more complete; He was diverted from it, by a German Printer, who procuring by some Accident, Copies of the *Nenia* and *Epitaph* upon Sir *Thomas More*, beheaded much about this Time; put Them out surreptitiously; The *Nenia*, under the Name of *Erasmus* newly deceased; and the *Epitaph* without any other Inscription, than, *Jo. S.* This was the first *Edition*, tho' very incorrect, of any of our *Author's* Works: And was again imitated, with this further Error: That the *Epitaph*, in the *Second Edition*, was attributed to *Joannes Sapidus*, wrote at-length; instead of *Joannes Secun-*
du.

du. This seeing; *Marius*, to vindicate his Brother, sent a more perfect Copy of these, separate from the rest, to *Servatius Zassenus* then Printer at *Lovain*; with a Letter, prefatory to them; informing him of these Particulars. *Scriverius*, who saw this *Third Edition*, of the *Nenia* and *Epitaph*, sent him by *Jo. Isaacius Pontanus*, who procured it for his Use out of the Library of *Ernestus Brinckius*; speaks of it as a rare Book, even at this Time of Day. It was printed, as he informs us, at *Lovain*, in the Year 1536. *Erant Brinckiana illa edita a Fratre, Hadriano Mario, viro amplissimo, Lovanii Anno 1536. Typis Servatii Sasseni.* The other two are not less scarce; tho' *Marius* tells us, there was then Plenty of them; *Edita enim jam bis sunt & mille forsan exemplaribus, per Hominum manus volant.* The next Editions are those of his *Kisses*, taken notice of by *Baillet*. *Joannis Secundi Hagienfis Basia, in 4to. Lugd. apud Gribb. 1536.* And again in 1539. *Scriverius* mentions another of his *Kisses* in 4to. printed separately, *Basia seorsim etiam excusa Lutetiae. An. 1538; in Quarto quod vocant.* His *Regia Pecunia* was printed also separately and in Quarto; according to *Baillet*. *Ejusdem Regia Pecunia in Quarto Lugd. 1552.*

But the first Edition of his Works intire, came out in the Year 1541, in a small Octavo. *Joannis Secundi Hagienfis Opera. Nunc primum in lucem edita. Trajecti Batavorum Hermannus Borculous, excudebat 1541.* This Edition was probably digested by *Marius*, who added a Paragraph on the Back-side of the Title-Page; intimating, that the Author composed some few Things besides, which, because wrote with too much Asperity against certain Princes, were purposely omitted. The *Invectives* meant by this Advertisement, were level'd chiefly against our *Henry the Eighth*; who by two Acts of Violence, the Death of the learned *Sir Thomas More*, and the Divorce of *Queen Catherine*, Sister to the *Emperor Charles the Fifth*, drew from our Author some sharp Satyrs, but meerly as a Scholar and a Subject; which, tho' not unjust in themselves, and communicated only to particular Friends; His Brothers, who had their

Way

Way to make in the World by Preferment, might think prudent to stifle. And *Secundus* himself intended the same Caution; as *Marius* informs us in his Letter to *Zusenus*.

In the Year 1561, *Gulielmus Cripus* publish'd another *Edition*, following the same Order, of a less Size, but fairer Impression, being an extreme little Octavo, Before it he prefix'd a large Epistle; first, of Poetry in general, then of *Secundus* in-particular; dedicated to the two Brothers, *Nicolaus Grudius* and *Hadrianus Marius*; He was tempted to this Undertaking, as well by the Scarcity of the first *Edition*, which, he says, was quite sold off; as the Pleasure He had taken from his Childhood in the Perusal. So that in his Travels to *Paris*, (where He put Him out) *Secundus* was the Companion He chose for Entertainment on his Journey. And that he was not deceived in his Choice, He pleads not only the Judgment of *Beza*, *Nannius* and *Gyraldus*, whose Testimonies are placed before this *Edition*; but the Opinion of *Thorius*, *Utenbovius*, *D'Aurat* and *Ronsard*, with whom He convers'd familiarly. All Persons, in these Times, the most remarkable for Poetry and Taste. But not to be too particular, the whole Epistle is exceedingly well wrote; so that *Cripus* has given us by much the best Critic upon the Writings of *Secundus*. As He publish'd about this Time the *Hymns* and *Epigrams* of *Marullus*, of the same Size and Letter, both Works are generally bound up together. This was the *Edition* Mr. *Fenton* us'd; whose Book I have by Me, with his Name in the waste Leaves, and an Epitaph upon *Marullus*, both in his Hand-Writing.

Epitaphium Marulli.

Hic situs est citharâ celebris, gladioque Marullus;
 Qui Tusco, heu Facinus! liquit in amne Animum.
 Neptune immitis! meruit si mergier Ille;
 Mergier Aonio flumine debuerat:

That

That there was no *Edition* between That of *Marius* and this of *Cripius*, appears by the Title-Page. Joannis Secundi Hagienfis Poetae Elegantissimi Opera, nunc secundum in lucem edita: Parisiis apud Andream Wechelum, sub Pegaso, in vico Bellovaco, 1561. This Edition, was again repeated in 1582.

Albinus was the next that put out *Secundus*, together with *Marullus* and *Angerianus*, in Imitation (as He says himself, in his Dedication) of the *Paris Editor*. The whole under this Title; Michael Tarch. Marullus, Hier. Angerianus, & Joan. Secundus, Poetae Elegantissimi nunc primum in Germania excusi. Spira Nemetur apud Bernardum Albinum, 1595. But he falls short of *Cripius*, both as to Letter and Paper, the common Fault of all Books printed in *Germany*. Before our Author's Share of this Collection, which is in 12mo. is placed this particular Title. Joannis Secundi Hagienfis Poetae Elegantissimi Opera, emendata & aucta: Spira apud Bernardum Albinum 1595. But the only Additions are the *Nenia* and *Epitaph* upon Sir *Thomas More*, falsely attributed to *Erasmus* and *Sapientius*; communicated to *Albinus*, as He himself advertises the Reader, p. 498. by a Friend of the Author; of which the *Epitaph*, particularly, is restored to the rightful Owner, (He observes) by *Lilius Gyrardus* in his History of the Poets of his own Times. *Albinus* had not probably met with the Edition of *Zassenus*. In other Respects He keeps the same Disposition of the Poems, as *Borculous* and *Cripius*. That is to say, *Elegiarum: Libri Tres. Funerum; Liber Unus. Epigrammatum: Liber Unus. Bassorum; Liber Unus. Epistolarum; Libri Duo. Odarum; Liber Unus. Sylvarum; Liber Unus.*

But *Scriverius*, some Years after, gave the World a far more splendid and ample Edition. Joannis Secundi Hagienfis Poetae Elegantissimi Opera quae reperiri poterunt omnia, curante atque edente Petro Scriverio. Lugduni Batavorum. Typis Jacobi Marci, 1619. Among other Things that distinguish This Edition which is in 8vo. from any other; are, the Cuts of *Julia* and *Secundus* mention'd in the Life. A Collection of Testimonies of the Author, *De Jo. Secundo Judicia ac Testimonia.*

An

[XXXIV]

An Account of his Family and Life: *De Joanne Secundo Nicolaio Hagensi; deque Gente Nicolaia.* As also the Letter of *Marius* to *Zassenus*. *Hadrianus Marius Nicol. F. Machliniensis Servatio Zasseno Librario Lovaviensi S. D.* The Order of the Works is this. *Elegiarum Libri tres. Basiorum liber unus. Epigrammatum liber unus. Odarum Liber unus. Epistolarum Libri duo, carmine. Funerum Liber unus. Sylvarum Liber unus. Fragmenta Carminum. Epistolarum Reliquia soluta oratione.* Here, besides the Additions already mention'd, and several Amendments from the Author's own Manuscripts, we meet with those Pieces omitted in the former Editions. Of which Additions and Amendments more below. At the End of his poetical Works, *Scrivenerius* subjoins, those *Prose-Epistles* quoted in the Life; copied partly from the Author's own Hand, and partly from the Hand of *Douza*. Which Epistles bear this Title: *Joan. Secundi Epistolarum Reliquiae, quas in itinere Hispanico, aut circa illud, in prociatu cum esset, scripsit.* To complete all; He added the three *Itineraries*, publish'd the Year before by *Heinsius*; *Joannis Secundi Hagensis Batavi Itineraria tria; Belgicum, Gallicum, & Hispanicum: Edente nunc primum Daniele Heinsio. Leydae ex officina Jacobi Marci, 1618.* with a Letter from *Heinsius*, to *Lernutius*; in which He informs him, that He detested these *Itineraries* in the publick Library at *Leyden*; and the Printer, by a particular Advertisement, assures us, they were found among the Papers of *Bonaventura Vulcanius*.

There is one Thing observable in this Edition; that the Number of the *Basia* is augmented from 19 to 22. For *Scrivenerius* reckons in, those two Pieces; *de Libello suo Basiorum, & ad Grammaticos cur scribat lascivius*; the first of which, upon his *Kisses*, was always rank'd among the Epigrams; where *Scrivenerius* in his second Edition replaces it; and where he also disposes of the latter, to the *Grammarians*, which he first made publick. Thus the *Epithalamium*, inserted by *Scrivenerius* in his first Edition among the *Basia*; (out of Emulation probably to *Bonifonius*; at the End of whose *Basia* we find a

Piece

Piece of the same Nature under the Title of *Perovigilium Veneris*) is sent back to its old Place among the *Sylva* in his second *Edition*. As both these *Epigrams* have some Allusion to the Subject, it was thought proper to preserve them here by Way of Prologue and Epilogue to the *Kisses*. But that Excuse will not serve for the *Epithalamium* inserted at the End. Which usurps in this *Edition*, the same Place it usurped in the first *Scrivierian Edition*. Yet in both without Authority. For that it ought not to gain Admittance among the *Basia*, is plain from this Circumstance; that it makes no manner of Mention of *Næra*. A Rule *Secundus* punctually observes in all the *Kisses*, except the First, which was intended as a Preface only to the rest. All I can say is, that this *Epithalamium* is look'd upon as a most finish'd Piece by all the Critics; and particularly recommended by *Gyraldus*, as, after the *Basia*, one of the Author's most complete Compositions. It is a Work of meer Supererogation.

As for the second *Edition* of *Scrivierius*, it bears this Title. *Johannis Secundi Opera, accuratè recognita ex museo P. Scrivieri Lugduni Batavorum. Apud Franciscum Hegerum, 1631.* The Additions are best seen by the List *Scrivierius* gives of them; *Designatio Carminum quæ præterita in aliis Editionibus, in hac Scrivieriana fideliter ex M. S. Cod. expressa sunt. Elegia. li. 2. aliquot versibus auctior cum inscriptione, ad expellendum somnum puellæ, pag. 37. & seq. * Accedunt aliæ inscriptiones & subscriptiones, fide M. S. Codicis. * Hieronymi Montii Elegia ad Jo. Secundum, pag. 65. & ejusdem Jambus, pag. 67. * L. Annibalis Cruceii Epigramma pro Jo. Secundo, pag. 71. * Epigrammatum Liber auctior, pag. 93. & seq. Epitaphium Francisci Valesii, Regis Francisci F. Delfini Franciæ, pag. 196. Thomæ Mori Epitaphia duo, ibid. Nænia prolixa in mortem ejusdem, pag. 197. & seq. Epitaphium Catharinæ Reginæ Angliæ, pag. 201. Francisci Marii Mollæ ad Henricum VIII. Regem Angliæ Epistola Catharinæ uxoris repudiata nomine scripta, pag. 202. & seq. cui respondet aliâ Epistolâ Secundus, pag. 208. * Hadriani*

259.

Marii Cymba Amoris, pag. 251. & seq. * *Ejusdem Elegia ad Jo. Secundum fratrem missa in Arragoniam*, pag. 259. * *Ejusdem Epistola de crepidis ferreis ad eundem*, pag. 161. * *Ejusdem in mortem Passeris*, pag. 265. * *Nicolai Grudii Ode ad Venerem & Cupidinem*, pag. 264. * *Itinera tria per Gallias emendatiora*, pag. 267. & seq. *Epistolarum Reliquiæ*, pag. 333. & seq. De Jo. Secundo Nicolao & de Gente Nicolaiâ, pag. 345. & seq. *Alia multa, quæ pagella non capit.* The Additions peculiar to this second Edition of *Scribnerius*; and which distinguish it from the First; are mark'd with Asterisks. The whole upon smaller Paper, and with smaller Types. That is to say in 12mo. This is the fullest and latest Edition of *Secundus*, at least, of those I have seen; for I could never get Intelligence of that mention'd by *Baillet*, *Ejusdem Opera in 12mo. Lugd. Bat. 1651.*

I had almost forgot that the Works of *Secundus* are again to be found, among the Delights of the *Belgic Poets*, published at *Francfort*, by *Janus Gruterus*; or, as He disguises his Name under an Anagram, by *Ranotius Gherus*. *Delitiæ C. Poetarum Belgicorum hujus superiorisq. ævi Illustrium, Collectore Ranotio Ghero.* This Collection, which is in 16, was printed in 1614. It is divided into four Parts. In the last of Those we meet with the Poems of *Secundus*; see particularly Page 146, &c. The Poems of his two Brothers *Nicolaus Grudius*, and *Hadrianus Marius*, find Room in the same Collection. *Grudius*, in the Second; and *Marius*, in the Third Part. For the First; see Page 535. For the Latter; Page 402.

JOANNIS SECUNDI
BASIA.



THE
KISSES
OF

JOANNES SECUNDUS.

Translated into *English Verse*.



JOANNIS SECUNDI,
de Libello suo BASIORUM,
EPIGRAMMA.

CASTA quod enervi cantamus BASIA libro;
Versibus eludit fusca LYCINNA meis.

Et me languiduli vatem vocat ÆLIA penis;
Quæ VENEREM in Triviis Porticibusque locat.

Scilicet expectant nostrum quoque noscere penem?
Parcite, TURPICULÆ! MENTULA nulla mihi est.

Nec vobis canto, nec vobis BASIA figo.
ISTA legat teneri sponsa rudis pueri.

ISTA tenor Sponsus, nondum maturus ad Arma,
Exercet variis quæ VENUS alma modis.



JOAN-

EPIGRAM

O F

Joannes Secundus,

UPON HIS

BOOK of KISSES.

LYCINNA scorns my KISSES; They are chaste!
 Enerv'd I seem in her experienc'd Taste.

And ÆLIA calls ME, "BARD WITH LAQUID
 [STRINGS,]"

She that to Love in Streets her Off'rings brings.

Perhaps, my utmost STRENGTH They seek to know!

And VIGOR prove!—Go! HATEFUL WANTONS,
 [go!]

My STRENGTH, my VIGOR long despair to find.

For YOU these KISSES never were design'd.

Never for YOU were these soft Measures wrought;

Read ME, ye tender BRIDES of BOYS un-taught!

Read ME, of BRIDES un-taught ye tender BOYS!

Yet new to VENUS' sweetly-varying Joys!

B

THE



JOANNIS SECUNDI BASIA.

BASIUM I.



UM VENUS ASCANIUM *super alta Cy-*
THERA *tulisset,*
Sopitum teneris imposuit violis;

Albarum nimbos circumfuditque rosarum,
Et totum liquido sparsit odore locum.

Mon

And
Whil
Of N



THE
KISSES
OF
JOANNES SECUNDUS.

KISS I.

Translated by Mr. FENTON.



HEN VENUS, in the sweet IDALIAN
Shade,

A Vi'let Couch for young ASCANIUS
made;

'Their op'ning Gems th'obedient Roses
bow'd,

And veil'd his Beauties with a Damase Cloud:
While the bright Goddess, with a gentle Show'r
Of Nectar'd Dewes, perfum'd the blisfull Bow'r.

*Mox veteres animo revocavit ADONIDIS igneis,
Notus & irrepsit ima per ossa calor.*

*O, quoties voluit circumdare colla nepotis?
O, quoties dixit? "Talis ADONIS erat!"*

*Sed placidam PUERI metuens turbare quietem,
Fixit vicinis BASIA mille rosis.*

*Ecce calent illæ, cupidaque per ora DIONES
Aura, susurranti flamine, lenta subit.*

*Quotque rosas tetigit, tot BASIA nata repente
Gaudia reddebant multiplicata DEÆ.*

*At CYTHEREA natans nivcis per nubila Cygnis,
Ingentis terræ cæpit obire globum.*

*TRIPTOLEMIQUE modo, sæcundis OSCULA glebis
Sparsit, & ignotos ter dedit ore sonos.*

*Inde seges felix nata est mortalibus ægris;
Inde medela meis unica nata malis.*

*Salvete æternùm, miseræ moderamina flammæ,
Humida de gelidis BASIA nata rosis.*

*En ego sum, vestri quo vate-canentur honores,
Nota MEDUSÆI dum juga montis erunt,*

Of Sight infatiate, She devours his Charms,
 'Till her soft Breast re-kindling Ardor warms:
 New Joys tumultuous in her Bosom roll,
 And all ADONIS rushes on her Soul.
 Transported with each dear-resembling Grace,
 She cries, "ADONIS!—SURE I SEE THY FACE!"
 Then stoops to clasp the beauteous Form, but fears
 He'd wake too soon, and with a Sigh forbears.
 Yet, fix'd in silent Rapture, stands to gaze;
 KISSING each flow'ry Bud that round Him plays:
 Swell'd with her Touch, each animated Rose
 Expands; and strait with warmer Purple glows:
 Where Infant KISSES bloom, a balmy Store!
 Redoubling all the Bliss she felt before.

Sudden, her Swans career along the Skies,
 And o'er the Globe the fair CELESTIAL flies.
 Then as where CERES pass'd, the teeming Plain
 Yellow'd, with wavy Crops of Golden Grain;
 So, fruitful KISSES fell where VENUS flew,
 And by the Pow'r of GENIAL MAGIC grew!
 A plenteous Harvest! which She deign'd impart
 To sooth an agonizing love-sick Heart.

All hail, Ye Roseat KISSES! who remove
 Our Cares, and, cool the Calentures of Love.
 Lo! I your Poet in melodious Lays
 Bless your kind Pow'r; en-amiour'd of your Praise;
 Lays! form'd to last, 'till barb'rous Time invades
 The MUSES Hill, and withers all their Shades.

*Et memor ÆNEADUM stirpisque disertus amatæ,
Mollia ROMULIDUM verba loquetur Amor.*



BASIUM II.

VICINA quantum vitis lascivit in ulmo,
Et tortiles per ilicem.

*Brachia proceram stringunt immensa corimbi ;
Tantum, NEARA, si queas*

*In mea nexilibus prosperpere colla lacertis ;
Tali, NEARA, si queam*

*Candida perpetuum nexu tua colla ligare,
Jungens perenne BASIUM.*

*Tunc me nec CERERIS, nec amici cura LYÆ,
SOPORIS aut amabilis,*

*Vita, tuo de purpureo divelleret ore :
Sed mutuis in osculis*

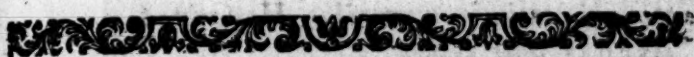
*Defectos, ratis una duos portaret Amanteis
Ad pallidam DITIS domum.*

Mox

Sprung from the * GUARDIAN of the ROMAN

[Name,

In ROMAN Numbers live, secure of Fame,



K I S S I N G.

Translated by Mr. FENTON.

AS the young en-amour'd Vine
Round her Elm delights to twine;
As the clasping Ivy throws,
Round her Oak, her wanton Boughs:-
So close, expanding all thy Charms,
Fold Me, *Neera*, in thy Arms!
Closer, *Neera*, cou'd it be,
Wou'd my fond Arms in-circle Thee.

The jovial Friend shall tempt in vain
With Humor, Wit, and brisk CHAMPAIGNE;
In vain shall NATURE call for SLEEP;
We'll LOVE's eternal VIGILS keep.
Thus, thus, for-ever let us lie;
Dissolving in Excess of Joy;
'Till FATE shall with one single Dart,
Transfix the Pair it cannot part.

MU12A3 * Venus.

Thus

*Mox per odoratos campos, & perpetuum ver
Produceremur in loca,*

*Semper ubi, antiquis in amoribus, HEROINAE,
HEROAS inter nobileis,*

*Aut ducunt choreas, alternave carmina læta
In valle cantant myrtæa.*

*Quà violisque, rosisque, & flavi-comis narcissis,
Umbraculis tremantibus*

*Illudit lauri nemus; & crepitante susurro
Tepidi suâvè sibilant*

*Æternùm ZEPHYRI: nec vomere saucia TELLUS
Fœcunda solvit ubera.*

*Turba Beatorum nobis affurgeret omnis;
Inque herbidis sedilibus,*

*Inter MÆONIDAS primâ nos sede locarent:
Nec ulla Amatricum JOVIS*

*Præ-repto cedens indignaretur honore;
Nec nata TYNDARIS Jovis.*

BASIUM

Thus join'd, we'll fleet like VENUS' Doves,
 And seek the blest ELYSIAN Groves,
 Where SPRING in Rosy Triumph reigns,
 Perpetual o'er the joyous Plains.
 There, LOVERS of HEROIC Name,
 Revive their long-extinguish'd Flame;
 And o'er the fragrant Vale advance
 In shining Pomp to form the Dance:
 Or sing of LOVE, and gay DESIRE,
 Responsive to the warbling Lyre;
 Reclining-soft in blissfull Bow'rs,
 Purpled-sweet with springing Flow'rs:
 And cover'd with a silken Shade
 Of Laurel, mix'd with Myrtle, made;
 Where, flaunting in Immortal Bloom,
 The Musk-Rose scents the verdant Gloom:
 Thro' which the whisp'ring ZEPHYRS fly
 Softer than a Virgin's Sigh.

When we approach those blest Retreats,
 Th' Assembly-strait will leave their Seats;
 Admiring much the matchless Pair;
 So fond the Youth, the Nymph so fair!
 DAUGHTERS and MISTRESSES to JOVE,
 By HOMER fam'd of old for Love;
 In Homage to thy matchless Grace,
 Will give Pre-eminence of Place.
 HELEN herself will soon agree
 To rise, and yield her Rank to Thee.

K I S S



B A S I U M III.

“**D**A mibi SUAVIOLUM (*dicebam*) *blanda*
[*Puella*]
Libâsti labris mox mea labra tuis.

*Inde, velut presso qui territus angue resultat,
 Ora repenti meo vellis ab ore procul.*

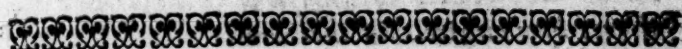
*Non hoc SUAVIOLUM dare, LUX MEA, sed dare tantum
 Est Desiderium flebile SUAVIOLI.*



B A S I U M IV.

NON dat BASIA, dat NEÆRA Nectar,
 Dat Rores anima suâvè olenteis,
 Dat Nardumque, Thymumque, Cinnamumque,

Et



K I S S I I I.

ONE tender KISS, (I cry'd) SWEET-BLOOM-
[ING MAID,

When on my Lips her Lips NEÆRA laid.
But, just-prepar'd the promis'd Sweets to take,
Lo! quick her nimble Lips my Lips forsake.
Quick! as when starting back, in wild Surprise,
The new-trod Snake th'unwary Trav'ler flies.
But now, my eager Passion to allay,
Complete, SWEET-BLOOMING MAID, the am'rous
[Play.

This was to mock, MY LIFE, not scant the Blifs;
This gave a Thirst of KISSING, but no KISS.



K I S S I V.

NOT KISSES thy fond Lips diffuse;
But NECTAR'D Sweets! AMBROSIAL Dews!
Sweets! that recall the Soul from Death!
Such! as not Thyme, with balmy Breath;
Such! as not Nard, in Spicy Gales;
Such! as not Cinnamum exhales!
Such! as ev'n Virgin Stores excell!
Which, lab'ring Bees, in waxen Cell,

Beneath

*Et Mel, quale jugis legunt HYMETTS,
Aut in CECROPIIS apes rosetis;
Atque, hinc virgineis & inde ceris,
Septum vimineo tegunt quasillo.*

*Quæ, si multa mihi voranda dentur,
Immortalis in his repenti fiam,
Magnorumque epulis fruar DEORUM.*

*Sed tu munere parce, parce tali,
Aut mecum DEA fac, NEÆRA, fias.
Non mensas sine te volo DEORUM.*

*Non; si me rutilis præesse regnis,
Excluso JOVE, DII DEÆQUE cogant.*



BASIUM V.

DUM me mollibus, hinc & hinc, lacertis
Astriſtum premis, imminensque toto
Collo, pectore, lubricoque vultu,

Dependes

Beneath their Ofier Roof distill:
 Drawn from HYMETTUS' fragrant Hill;
 Or gather'd in CECROPIAN Bow'r,
 Where blooms the Rose, Celestial Flow'r!
 Not KISSES thy fond Lips diffuse;
 But NECTAR'D Sweets! AMEROSIAL Dews!

THESE, if, thus lavish, You bestow;
 Sudden, shall I IMMORTAL grow!
 Sudden! to GODS, exalted, rise;
 And share the Banquets of the SKIES!

THEN, ah, forbear, SWEET MAID, forbear!
 Spare, for my Sake, thy Bounty spare!
 Or Thou thy-self IMMORTAL grow!
 For without Thee, NEERA, know;
 Ev'n to the GODS I wou'd not rise:
 Nor share the Banquets of the SKIES.
 No! not! Tho' all the POW'RS ABOVE;
 The DAUGHTERS and the WIVES of JOVE;
 Wou'd my Superiour GOD-HEAD own;
 And seat me on the STARRY THRONE.

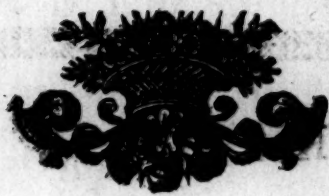
K I S S V.

W HEN Thou, profuse of Heav'nly Charms,
 Around Me throw'st those tender Arms;
 And with that Neck, which lovely-twines;
 And with that Breast, which soft-declines;

C

And

*Dependes humeris, NEÆRA, nostris;
 Componensque meis labella labris,
 Et morſu petis & gemis remorſa;
 Et linguam tremulam, hinc & inde, vibras;
 Et linguam querulam, hinc & inde, ſugis;
 Aspirans anima ſuâvis auram
 Mollem, dolci-ſonam, humidam, meæque
 Altricem miſeræ, NEÆRA, vitæ:
 Hauriens animam meam caducam,
 Flagramentem, nimio vapore coctam,
 Coctam! pectoris im-potentis æſtu;
 Eludiſque meas, NEÆRA, flammæ,
 Flabro pectoris haurientis æſtum,
 O! JUCUNDA MEI CALORIS AURA:
 Tunc, dico; " DEUS eſt AMOR Deorum!
 " Et nullus DEUS eſt AMORE major!
 " Si Quiſquam tamen eſt AMORE major;
 " Tu, Tu, ſolo mihi es, NEÆRA, major!"*



And with that sweetly-witching Face;
Hang on Me, thus, in fond Imbrace:

When Thou, those am'rous Lips of Thine,
Fit't to these am'rous Lips of mine;
Those Lips! that thus, in rap'trous Bliss,
Give and receive the WOUNDING KISS;—
Give and receive the TREMBLING DART:—
Sweet Play! soft-thrilling to the Heart!
Or when thy Soul, of Mine possessest,
My Life draws from my glowing Breast:
My Life! which scorching Heats destroy!
Burnt with Excess of fiercest Joy!

Or when thy Soul calls mine from Death;
And wafts new Life with humid Breath:
That Breath! which Vital Air respires!
And kindly cools my raging Fires!

Then, DEAR NÆRA, thus I cry;
(Then! as 'twixt Death and Life I lie.)
" LOVE is a POW'ER all POW'RS above!
" There is no GREATER POW'ER than Love!
" Or if a GREATER we allow;
" GREATER than LOVE: That POW'ER art Thou!

BAS I U M VI.

DE meliore notâ bis BASIA mille paciscens;
BASIA mille dedi, BASIA mille tuli.

Explēsti numerum, fateor, jucunda NEÆRA!
Explēri numero sed nequit ullus AMOR.

Quis laudet CEREREM numeratis surgere aristis?
Gramen in irriguâ quis numeravit humo?

Quis tibi, BACCHE, tulit pro centum vota racemis?
AGRICOLAMVE DEAM mille poposcit apéis?

Cùm pius irrorat sitienteis JUPPITER agros,
Decidua guttas non numeramus aquæ.

Sic quoque, cùm ventis concussus inborruit aër,
Sumpsit & iratâ JUPPITER arma manu,

Grandine confusâ Terras & Cœrula pulsat,
Securus sternat quot sata, quotve locis.

Seu bona, seu mala sunt, veniunt uberrima COELO:
Majestas Domui convenit illa JOVIS.

K I S S VI.

TWO Thousand KISSES, (in Exchange of
Hearts)

As soft and Sweet as MUTUAL-LOVE imparts;
Of MUTUAL-FAITH, the Terms, we jointly make.
I give a THOUSAND, and a THOUSAND take.
Fairly you paid the Number, GRACIOUS MAID!
Were LOVE, by any Number, fairly paid!
But LOVE, alas, to Number never yields.
The Blades, Who numbers, of well-water'd Fields!
Who, QUEEN OF PLENTY, that extolls thy Praise,
Intreats Thee, CERES, number'd Ears to raise?
Who, BACCHUS, that thy pleasing Pow'r adores,
An Hundred Clusters servilely implores?
Who, PALES, that thy bounteous Aid demands,
Lifts for a Thousand Bees vain-suppliant Hands?
When JOVE descends in Floods of GENIAL Rain,
Who tells the Drops that cheer the thirsty Plains?
Or when THE GOD assumes severer Arms;
With driving Winds the troubled AIR alarms;
And Icy Bolts, o'er EARTH, o'er OCEAN pours
Computes the Fragments of the rattling Show'rs?
All Things that fall to Mortals from the SKIES,
ETHERIAL GIFTS! to Infinite arise.
Whether Auspicious or Averse They prove;
A Majesty that suits the House of JOVE!

*Tu quoque cūm DEa sis, Divā formosior illā;
Concha per æquoreum quam vaga ducit iter;*

*BASIA cur numero, COELESTIA DONA, coërces?
Nec numeras gemitūs, dura PUELLA, meos?*

*Nec Lacrymas numeras, quæ per faciemque, sinumque,
Duxerunt rivos semper-cuntis, aquæ?*

*Si numeras Lacrymas, numeres licet OSCULA, sed si
Non numeras Lacrymas, OSCULA ne numeres.*

*Et mihi dā miserī SOLATIA VANA doloris,
Innumera innumeris BASIA pro Lacrymis.*



B A S I U M VII.

CENTUM BASIA centries,
Centum BASIA millies,

Mille BASIA millies,

Et tot MILLIA millies,

Quot Guttæ SICULO mari,

Quot sunt Sidera COELO,

Istis purpureis GENIS,

Istis turgidulis LABRIS,

OCULISQUE loquaculis,

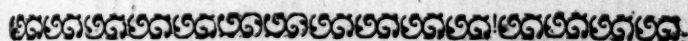
Perrem continue impetu,

O formosa NEERA

sed

Then why, BRIGHT GODDESS!— (for that HEAV-
v'NLY Face

Speaks Thee a GODDESS of CELESTIAL Race,
Speaks Thee ev'n HER in Beauty to excell,
Who roams ore the vast Deeps with vagrant Shell.)
Why so exact, thy ATTRIBUTES DIVINE,
KISSES to bounded Numbers to confine?
Yet, CRUEL, number not my cease-less Sighs;
Nor Tears for-ever trickling from my Eyes?
Number, at-will, for ev'ry Tear a Kiss;
But number not, without the Pain, the Bliss:
Or give, to ease my Doubts, and lay my Fears,
KISSES un-number'd for un-number'd Tears.



K I S S V I I.

KISSES, in Rapture un-control'd
An HUNDRED by an HUNDRED told;—
An HUNDRED, yet too scanty Store,
Told by an ample THOUSAND o'er;—
A THOUSAND, yet e'er I refrain,
Told by a THOUSAND o'er again;—
As many THOUSANDS as before,
Told by as many THOUSANDS more;
As are the Drops that fill the Main,
Or Stars that gild th' ÆTHERIAL PLAIN;—
All THESE, and MILLIONS yet un-told;—
While Thee, thus closely I infold,
Closely I'll give these Rosy Cheeks;
This LIP that swells; this EYE that Speaks!

*Sed dum totus inhæreo
 Conchatim roseis GENIS,
 Conchatim rutilis LABRIS,
 OCELLISQUE loquaculis,
 Non datur tua cernere
 LABRA, non roseas GENAS
 OCELLOSQUE loquaculos,
 Molleis nec mihi risare.*

*Qui, velut nigra discutit
 COELO nubila CYNTHIUS,
 Pacatumque per Æthera
 Gemmatis in equis micat,
 Flavio lucidus orbe.*

*Sic nutu eminas aureo
 Et meis lacrymas genis,
 Et curas animo meo,
 Et suspiria pellunt.*

*Heu! quæ sunt oculis meis
 Nata prælia cum labris?
 Ergo ego mihi vel JOVENA
 Rivalem potero pati?*

Rivalem

As fondly-clasping, Arms in Arms,
 Thy Lover thus devours thy Charms,
 And reaping KISSES now He seeks,
 Those Fields of Roses, blooming CHEEKS !
 Now, to those LIPS, soft-swelling, flies !
 Now, to those sweetly-speaking EYES !
 In vain thy restless Lover seeks,
 To view those rosy-blooming CHEEKS.
 Nor rosy-blooming CHEEKS He spies,
 Nor swelling LIPS, nor speaking EYES.
 Nor yet that Look of pleasing Smiles ;
 That Look ! which all his Cares beguiles.
 That Look ! which, (as the GOD OF DAY
 Chafes the gath'ring Clouds away,
 When thro' mid ÆTHER, mildly bright,
 He guides the lucid STEEDS of LIGHT,
 Dispels the Shades, corrects the Storms,
 And all the FACE of HEAV'N reforms :)
 Still beaming-soft with Golden Rays,
 The Tumults of his Soul allays,
 Drives from his Eyes all mournful Tears,
 Drives from his Thoughts all gloomy Fears.

What jealous Wars, the while, arise,
 SWEET MAID ! between my LIPS and EYES !
 While to possess THEE, all-intire,
 Now THESE, Now THOSE by Turns aspire !
 How shall I think to share thy Love ?
 How bear a Rival ev'n of JOVE ?

When

*Rivales oculi mei**Non ferunt mea labra.*

B A S I U M VIII.

QUIS te furor, NEÆRA,
 INEPTA, quis jubebat
Sic involare, nostram
Sic vellicare LINGUAM,
Herociente morfu ?

An, quas tot unus abs te
Pectus per omne gesto
Penetrabileis Sagittas,
Parum videntur ? istis
Ni Dentibus protervis
Exerceas nefandum
Membrum nefas in illud ?
Quo ! sæpè SOLE primo,
Quo ! sæpè SOLE sero,
Quo ! per DIEISQUE longas,
NOCTEISQUE amarulentas,
Laudes tuas canebam ?

Hæc est, INIQUA, (nescis ?)
Hæc, illa LINGUA nostra est,
Quæ, tortileis capillos,
Quæ, pætulos ocellos,
Quæ, lacteas papillas,
Quæ, colla mollicella,
Venusula NEÆRÆ,
Molli per astra versu,

Utra

When scarce my EYES thy Beauties share!
And scarce my LIPS for Rivals bear!



K I S S V I I I .

BY what Folly ill-betray'd,
WITLESS CREATURE! THOUGHTLESS
MAID!

By what madding Fury stung,
Could'st Thou hurt this harm-less TONGUE?

Sped by Thee, because no Dart
Errs from my un-guarded Heart;
Seems such Ill, no Art can cure,
Such! so-easy to indure?
That, new Weapons to destroy
On this TONGUE Thou shoud'st imploy?
TONGUE! that wont with Suns that rise;
Wont, with Suns that quit the Skies,
Thro' sad Nights, thro' tedious Days:
TONGUE! ever-wont to sing thy Praise?

This is HE, the faithful TONGUE,
That so oft thy Praises sung.
Sung! those Locks of easy Flow!
Sung! those Breasts of Virgin Snow!
Sung! that Neck, which lovely-twines!
Sung! that Eye, which wanton-shines!
Sung! in such harmonious Lays,
As to HEAV'N NEERA raise;

Far

Ultra Jovis tadores,
COELO invidente, vexit.
Quæ, te meam Salutem
Quæ, te meamque Vitam,
Animæ meaque Florem,
Et te meos Amores,
Et te meos Lepores,
Et te meam DIONEM,
Et te meam Columbam,
Albamque Turturillam,
VENERE invidente, dixit.

An verò, an est id ipsum
Quod te juvat, SUPERBA,
Inferre Vulnus illi,
Quam læsione nullâ,
FORMOSA, posse, nosti,
Irâ tumere tantâ,
Quin semper hos ocellos;
Quin semper hæc labella;
Et, qui sibi, salaceis,
Malum dedere, denteis,
Inter suos cruores
Balbutiens, recantet?
O! VIS SUPERBA FORMÆ!

BASIUM

Far beyond the FIRES of JOVE:
Envy of all the GOD's ABOVE!

THIS! that sung Thee, my Delight!
Thee! Sole Pleasure of my Sight!
Thee! Sole Rapture of my Heart!
Thee! My Soul's far better Part!
Thee! My Passion! Thee! My Love!
Thee! My Turtle! Thee! My Dove!
Sung! in such harmonious Lays,
As to Heav'n NEÆRA raise;
Envy of the GODS ABOVE!
Envy of VENUS, as of JOVE!

Say, or hence proceeds thy Pride?
(APT IN BEAUTY TO CONFIDE!)
Hence thy Pow'r? (TYRANNIC FAIR!)
That He stoops those Wrongs to bear.
By no Insult mov'd, or Pain,
From thy Praises to abstain.
Still extolling to the Skies,
Those delicious Lips and Eyes!
Ev'n those Teeth, ill-govern'd Arms!
Wanton Authors of his Harms!
Stamm'ring midst his bleeding Wounds,
Still He sings in broken Sounds!
APT IN BEAUTY TO CONFIDE!
FAIR TYRANT! hence thy Pow'r and Pride.

D

KISS



BASIUM IX.

NON semper udum da mihi BASIUM,
*Nec juncta blandis sibila risibus,
 Nec semper in meum recumbe
 Implicitum, moribunda, collum.*

*Mensura rebus est sua dulcibus.
 Ut quodque menteis syavius afficit,
 Fastidium sic triste secum
 Limite proximior ducit.*

*Quum te rogabo ter tria BASIA;
 Tu deme septem, nec nisi da duo,
 Utrumque nec longum, nec udum:
 Qualia, teli-gero DIANA*

*Dat casta FRATRI! Qualia, dat patri
 Experta nullos nata CUPIDINES!
 Mox è meis, LASCIVA, ocellis
 Curre procùl natitante planta:*

*Et te remotis in penetralibus,
 Et te latebris abdito in intimis;
 Sequar latebras usque in imas
 In penetrabile sequar repòstum:*

Prædamque



K I S S I X.

Translated by Mr. WARD.

BE not still KISSING Me, still smiling,
Always fond, and always willing;
Sweetly speaking, softly sighing,
Ever on my Bosom lying!

All Things have their certain Measure;
Narrow Bounds are fix'd to Pleasure.
Whate'er affects with most Delight,
Soonest cloyes the Appetite.

When I for THRICE-THREE KISSES sue,
Take SEV'N away, and grant but Two;
Yet NEITHER long, and balmy NEITHER;
Such, as the Virgin gives her Father!
And chaste as THOSE that are bestow'd
By CYNTHIA on her BROTHER-GOD!
Then start from me, in wanton Play,
And trip, with swimming Pace, away;
Into some secret Corner fly,
And hide in Darkness from my Eye.

Your Steps thro' Darkness will I trace,
And search the most retired Place.

*Prædamque, Victor fervidus, in meam
Utrinque herileis injiciens manus,
Raptabo ; ut imbellem columbam
Unguibus accipiter re-curvis.*

*Tu de-precanteis, victa, dabis manus,
Hærensque, totis, pendula, brachiis,
Placare me septem jocosiss
BASIOLIS cupies, INEPTA !*

*Errabis ;— illud crimen ut eluam,
Septena jungam BASIA septies,
Atque hoc catenatis lacertis
Impediam, FUGITIVA, collum.*

*Dum, per-solutis omnibus OSCULIS,
Jurabis omneis per VENERES tuas,
Te sæpiùs pœnas eandem
Crimine velle pari subire.*



B A S I U M X.

NON sunt certa meam moveant quæ BASIA men-
tem ;

Uda labris udis conseris, uda juvant.

*Nec sua BASIOLIS non est quoque gratia siccis ;
Fluxit ab his tepidus sæpè sub ossa vapor.*

Dulce

Like some proud Victor will I lay
My eager Hands upon my Prey.
I'll tofs, and towze, and rifle You,
As Hawks the tim'rous Turtle do.

You, your humble Hands shall rear ;
Submissive, beg me to forbear ;
And hope sev'n KISSES may in-gage
My easy Heart ; and bribe my Rage.

In vain!— You sev'n-TIMES sev'n shall give,
To win my Grace, POOR FUGITIVE!
My Arms around that Neck in-twin'd,
Shall all the while my Captive bind.

When, paid the Price, I loose my Arms,
Then shall You swear by all your Charms ;
If this Way I resent fuch Crimes,
You'd play the Trick a-thousand-times.



K I S S X.

NO certain Kiss one certain Way repeat.
Thus try'd, the Sweetest ceases to be sweet.
For as moist KISSES thrill the yielding Blood,
With humid Lips on humid Lips bestow'd ;
So warmer KISSES warmer Joys inspire,
And the rapt Soul with madding Transport fire.

*Dulce quoque est oculis nutantibus OSCULA ferre,
Autoresque sui demeruisse mali:*

*Sive genis totis, totive incumbere collo,
Seu niveis humeris, seu sinui niveo:*

*Et totas livore genas, collumque notare,
Candidulosque humeros, candidulumque sinum.*

*Seu labris querulis titubantem sugere linguam,
Et miscere duas juncta per ora animas,*

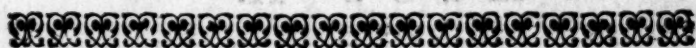
*Inque peregrinum diffundere corpus utranque;
Languet in extremo cum moribundus AMOR.*

*Me breve, me longum capiet, laxumque, tenaxque,
Seu mihi das, seu do, LUX, tibi BASIOLUM.*

*QUALIA sed sumes, nunquam mihi TALIA redde:
Diversis variùm ludat uterque modis.*

*At quem deficiet varianda figura priorem,
Legem submissis audiat hanc oculis.*

*“ Ut, quot utrinque prius data sint, tot BASIA solus
“ Dulcia victori det, totidemque modis.*



B A S I U M XI.

BASIA lauta nimis quidam me jungere dicunt,
Qualia rugosi non didicere Patres.

*Ergo, ego cum cupidis stringo tua colla lacertis,
LUX MEA, BASIOLIS immoriorque tuis;*

Anxius

Not less Delight, to kiss fond — rolling Eyes,
 And view the Authors of our Tears and Sighs ;
 Or, as to the lov'd Neck or Cheek We cling
 In am'rous Trance, see fresher Roses spring ;
 And tell-tale Signs, by wanton Teeth impress'd,
 On snow-white Shoulder rise, or snow-white Breast.
 From trembling Lips to change the trembling Darts ;
 And mutual Souls im-mix from mutual Hearts :
 While Love lies panting for a Gasps of Breath,
 Now ! now ! just struggling betwixt Life and Death !
 Me, charm all Measures of the tender Sport ,
 Kisses ! or quick, or slow ; or long or short ;
 (Sweet Mixture ! tedious Languor to relieve !)
 Whether I give, or whether I receive.
 Such as You get, return not, CHARMING MAID !
 Let EITHER summon artfull Change to Aid.
 And who the first un-vary'd Kiss applies ;
 Attend this Judgment with submissive Eyes.
 “ As many KISSES as were told before ;
 “ As EITHER offer'd and as EITHER bore ;
 “ The vanquish'd Lover to the Victor pays
 “ So many KISSES, told so many Ways.



K I S S X I.

KISSES I'm said to teach by newest Rules ;
 Unknown to rigid Sires in ancient Schools.
 Disturb'd, MY LIFE, with these severe Alarms,
 Around thy Neck I throw my eager Arms ;

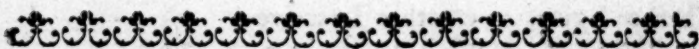
And,

*Anxius exquiram, " quid de me quisque loquatur ;"
Ipse quis, aut ubi sim, vix meminisse vacat.*

*Audiit, & risit formosa NEÆRA, meumque
Hinc collum niveâ cinxit & inde manu ;*

*BASIOLUMQUE dedit ; quo, non lascivius, unquam
Inseruit MARTI CYPRIA blanda suo :*

*" Et, quid, (ait) metuis turbæ decreta severæ ?
" Causa meo tantum competit illa FORO.*



B A S I U M XII.

QUID vultus removetis hinc pudicos,
MATRONÆQUE, PUELLULÆQUE castæ ?
Non hic furta DEUM jocosa canto,
Monstrosasve libidinum figuras.
Nulla hic carmina MENTULATA ; nulla
Quæ non, Discipulos ad integellos,
Hirsutus legat in Schola Magister.
Inermeis cano BASIATIONES,
Castus AONII chori Sacerdos.

And, for thy melting KISSES half-expire,
 " Alas ! (thus, fondly-anxious, I inquire.)
 " What of my Weakness will They hence declare ?
 Yet scarce know well, or what I am or where.
 NEERA smiling hears the grave Demand ;
 And twining round my Neck her snow-white Hand ;
 A KISS with such sweet Wantoness bestows,
 As not the Lips of Venus cou'd disclose !
 Nor Mars receive ! And laughing ; " What (she cries)
 " You dread the solid Judgments of the Wise ?
 " Regard Them not, while I your Cause approve ;
 " At my TRIBUNAL try'd, by LAWS of LOVE !

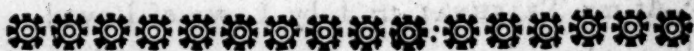


K I S S X I I.

WH Y turn your modest Looks aside ?
 MATRONS, and MAIDS ! affected Pride !
 Here no indecent Measures fear,
 Ye MATRONS strict ! Ye MAIDS severe !
 Of GODS, I sing, no monstrous Shapes.
 Of NYMPHS I sing, no lustfull Rapes.
 No Words are here of wanton sound ! ———
 No Words ! that wont nice Ears to wound ;
 But all confin'd to strictest Rules.
 Pedants might teach Them in their Schools.
 Sweet KISSES my soft Lays inspire ;
 Chaste Priest of the AONIAN Choir !

No

Sed vultus adhibent modò huc protervos
MATRONÆQUE PUELLULÆQUE cunctæ ;
Ignaræ, quia fortè MENTULATUM
Verbum diximus, evolante voce.
Ite hinc, ite procùl, molesta turba,
MATRONÆQUE, PUELLULÆQUE turpes !
Quanto castior est NEÆRA nostra ?
Quæ certè, sine MENTULA, Libellum
Mavult, quàm, sine MENTULA, Poëtam !



B A S I U M XIII.

LANGUIDUS è *dulci certamine, VITA, jace-*
bam

Exanimis, fusâ per tua colla manu.

Omnis in arenti consumptus spiritus ore,
Flamine non poterat cor recreare novo.

Jam STYX ante oculos, & regna carentia Sole,
Luridaque annosi cymba CHARONTIS erat.

Cùm Tu, SUAVIOLUM educens pulmonis ab imo,
Afflâsti siccis irriguum labiis.

SUAVIOLUM ! STYGIA quod me de Valle reduxit ;
Et jussit vacuâ currere nave SENEM.

Erravi :—

No longer, with affected Pride,
The MAIDS, and MATRONS turn aside.
Witless, perhaps, what I had said,—
What Words my Lips had well-nigh fled.—
Alas!— Not loosest Words They fear;
Strict, but in Show, in Look, Severe.
Hence, MATRON-TRIBE, and MAIDEN-TRAIN!
Hence, Ye Impertinent and Vain!
How much more delicate of Taste
NEÆRA, much more truly chaste?
A WANTON LOVER sure to chuse!
But sure to fly a WANTON MUSE!



K I S S XIII.

LANGUID I lay from the too pleasing Strife;
And void, imbracing and imbrac'd, of Life.
From my dry'd Mouth my wasted Spirit flies,
Nor with one Gale my panting Heart supplies.
Now, swims tremendous STYX before my Sight;
And the sad REALM of SOLITARY NIGHT.
Now, near-at-hand, the gloomy Bark appears,
And CHARON, yet more horrible, in Years.
When a moist Kiss, drawn from her in-moist Breast,
NEÆRA on my burning Lips impress'd.
Kiss! that, beyond the Force of DEATH, restores!
Kiss! that transports me from th' INFERNAL
SHORES!

Kiss!

*Erravi:— vacuâ non remigat ILLE carinâ,
Flebilis ad MANEIS jam natat umbra mea.*

*Pars animæ, MEA VITA, tuæ hoc in corpore vivit;
Et dilapsuros sustinet articulos.*

*Quæ tamen, impatiens, in pristina jura reverti
Sæpè per arcanas nititur, ægra, vias.*

*Ac, nisi dilectâ per te foveatur ab aurâ,
Jam collabenteis deserit articulos.*

*Ergo, age, labra meis innecte tenacia labris,
Assiduèque duos spiritus unus alat.*

*Donec, in-expleti post tædia sera furoris,
Unica de gemino corpore vita fluat.*



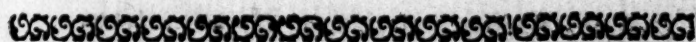
B A S I U M XIV.

QUID profers mihi flammeum Labellum?
Non te, non volo BASIARE, DURA!
Duro marmore DURIOR, NEÆRA!
Tanti istas ego ut OSCULATIONES.

Imbelleis

KISS! that controlls the Pow'r of envious FATE!
And sends the STYGIAN GOD without his Freight!
No; — not un-fraught HE parted, BOUNTEOUS
MAID!

But to the MANES bore my mournfull Shade:
While of thy Soul a Part within Me lives,
And Vigor to my fainting Body gives.
Yet droops full-oft, in Sorrow for the Change;
(For lodg'd so well, what Soul cou'd bear to range?)
And ah! full-oft, impatient of delay,
Strives to return, thro' ev'ry secret Way.——
Again, to my Relief, BELOV'D, repair!
Feed thy own Soul with her own Native Air!
Quickly, e'er yet a sadder Flight I take;
E'er yet my fainting Body She forsake.
Still to my Lips your Lips, TENACIOUS, join;
Still with your Soul, ASSIDUOUS, nourish Mine.
Till, in long Extasies of wild Desire,
Together, Both one happy Death expire.



K I S S XIV.

WHY, thus (Impertinently-kind!)
To me that rosy Lip inclin'd?
No more thy KISSES I regard,
NEERA, hard, as Marble hard!

To Me those KISSES grate-les prove.
Those KISSES! idle LURES to LOVE!

E

That!

Imbelleis faciam, SUPERBA, vestras;

Ut nervo toties rigens supino,

Pertundam tunicas meas, tuasque;

Et desiderio furens inani,

Tabescam, miser, æstuante vena?

Quò fugis?— remane! nec, hos ocellos,

Nec nega mihi flammeum labellum:

Te, jam, te volo basiare, MOLLIS!

Molli MOLLIOR Anseris medullâ.



BASIUM XV.

ADDUCTO, PUER IDALIUS, post tempora, ner-
vo,

Stabat in Exitium, PULCHRA NEBA, tuum.

Cùm frontem, sparsosque videns in fronte capillos;

Luminaque argutis ir-requieta nitis;

Flammeolasque

That tender Anguish ill-requite !
 That im-potent Desire in-cite !
 Rack ev'ry Nerve with fruitless Pain !—
 With rest-less Rage swell ev'ry Vein !—

Ah ! whither woud'st Thou fly away ?
 Stay, LOVELY, I ad-jure Thee, stay !
 Nor me, that sweetly-speaking Eye,
 Nor rosy-blooming Lip, deny.

Ah ! yes ! as all THE GODS can tell ;
 As thou-thy-self can'st witness well ;
 Those KISSES, but too-gratefull prove.
 Those KISSES ! matchless LURES to LOVE !
 Ah ! yes ! their pleasing Pow'rs I own,
 NEERA, soft as softest Down !



K I S S X V.

TH' IDALIAN BOY * drew forth a deadly Dart,
 Resolv'd to strike NEERA to the Heart.
 But when he saw that Brow, so heav'nly-fair !
 And, shadowing all the Brow, that matchless Hair !
 But when those Eyes he saw, so heav'nly-bright !
 Those Eyes ! that beam with sweetly-trembling Light !
 Those Cheeks ! that blush with rosy-tinctur'd Charms ?
 Those Breasts ! that might subdue the GOD of ARMS ;
 E 2 Doubtfull,

* Cupid.

*Flammeolasque genas, & dignas MARTE papillas;
Fecit ab ambigûâ Tela remissa manu:*

*Inque tuas cursu effusus, pueriliter, ulnas,
Mille tibi fixit BASIA, mille modis;*

*Quæ succos tibi MYRTEOLOS, CYPRIOSQUE li-
quores,
Pectoris afflarunt usque sub ima tui!*

*Juravitque DEOS omneis, VENEREMQUE parentem,
" Nil tibi post unquam velle movere mali.*

*Et miremur adhuc, cur tum tua BASIA fragrent?
Duraque cur miti semper AMORE vaces?*



B A S I U M XVI.

LATONA nive Sidereo blandior!
Et Stellâ VENERIS pulchior aureâ!
Da mi BASIA centum
Da tot BASIA, quot dedit

Vasi multivolo LESBIA, quot tulit.

Doubtfull, awhile, with Bow full-bent He stands,
That drops, at length, from his irref'lute Hands;
Then all-unfolding-wide his painted Wings,
With nimble Rapture to her Bosom springs;
And, childishly as on her Lap He plays,
Ten-thousand KISSES gives, Ten-thousand Ways.
KISSES ! that on her swelling Lips im-press,
Soft-Myrtle Juices breath'd into her Breast;
And CYPRIAN Sweets infus'd ; a Balmy Store !
Last, by each GOD, by his own MOTHER sworn :
" Never again her Safety to alarm !
" Never to meditate the slightest Harm !"
And do we fondly wonder, CRUEL MAID !
(Wit-less, alas of thy CÆLESTIAL Aid.)
That all thy KISSES so delicious prove ?
Yet all thy Acts averse to tender Love :

K I S S X V I.

Translated by Mr. WARD.

F AIR as PHÆBE's silver Light !
As the Star of VENUS Bright !
Give me an Hundred KISSES o'er.
Give me, ah give as large a Store,
As LESBIA to her Poet gave ;
As She could grant or He receive.

*Quot blandæ VENERES, quotque CUPIDINES
Et labella per-errant
Et genas roseas tuas;*

*Quot VITAS oculis, quotque NECEIS geris,
Quot SPES, quotque METUS, quotque perennibus
Mista GAUDIA CURIS,
Et SUSPIRIA Amantium.*

*Da, quàm multa meo Spicula pectori
Insevit, VOLUCRIS dira manus DEI:
Et quàm multa pharetrâ
Conservavit in aureâ.*

*Adde & blanditias, verbaque publica,
Et cum suavi-crepis murmura sibilis,
Risu non sine grato,
Gratis non sine morfibus:*

*Qualeis CHAONIA garrula motibus
Alternant tremulis rostra columbulæ,
Cum se dura re-mittit
Primis BRUMA FAVONIIS.*

*Incumbensque meis, mentis inops, genis,
Huc, illuc, oculos volve natatilibus,
Ex-anguemque, lacertis,
Dic, te sustineam meis.*

Stringam

ONE for each GRACE, ONE for each LOVE,
That o'er thy Cheeks, and Bosom rove ;
That on thy Lips, in ambush, lie ;
Or shoot Destruction from your Eye:

AS MANY as the HOPES and FEARS ;
The bitter JOYS, the pleasing CARES ;
As the EXTASIES and SIGHS,
That in LOVE, alternate, rise.

Give me ONE for ev'ry Dart,
CUPID has shot into my Heart ;
For Each his Quiver yet contains ;
The certain Cause of future Pains !

At ev'ry Pause sweet Talk come in ;
Add soothing Words, and Smiles between !
To tender Murmurs tune your Tongue ;
Each KISS be soft, and sweet, and long.
Thus in the Spring, when Turtles woo,
They coo and bill, and bill and coo,
By Turns exchange their eager Love,
And with their Music fill the Grove.

Then dye away, in Passion drown'd ;
And roll your swimming Eyes around.
Down on my Neck recline your Charms ;
Softly sink into my Arms,
And sinking to your Lover say ;
‘ Hold me ——— I faint, I dye away.”

Close

[44]

*Stringam nexilibus te, te ego brachiis,
Frigentem calido pectore comprimam,
Et vitam tibi longi
Reddam afflamine BASII.*

*Donc suc-ciduum me quoque Spiritus
Istis rosci-dulis linquet in OSCULIS,
Labentemque, lacertis,
Dicam; " Collige me tuis."*

*Stringes nexilibus me, MEA, brachiis,
Mulcebis tepido pectore frigidum:
Et vitam mihi longi af-
flabis rore SUAVII.*

*Sic Ævi, MEA LUX, tempora floridi
Carpamus simul. En, jam miserabileis
CURAS ægra SENECTUS
Et MORBOS trahet, & NECEM!*



BASIUM XVII.

QUALEM purpureo diffundit MANE colorem
Quæ rosa NOCTURNIS roribus im-maduit:

*MATUTINA rubent DOMINÆ sic OSCULA nostræ
BASIOLIS, longâ NOCTE, rigata meis.*

Close I'll clasp THEE to my Breast,
In my fond Imbraces prest;
By one long Kiss's quick'ning Pow'r
I'll back to Life thy Soul restore.

When vanquish'd by the pow'rfull Bliss,
My Spirit breath'd into the Kiss;
Fainting away, on THEE I'll call;
" To support ME as I fall.

Eager, You, in your Arms shall seize Me,
And in your Bosom close embrace Me.
My Soul You shall recall from Death,
And in a Kiss restore my Breath.

Thus let Us sport our Prime away;
And relish Pleasure while We may.
AGE soon upon his sable Wing,
CARE and DISEASE, and DEATH shall bring.



K I S S X V I I .

AS glowing Roses show in MORNING-LIGHT !
Still wet with the refreshing Dews of NIGHT.
So my NEERA's Lips, at MORNING, show !
So wet with my NOCTURNAL KISSES, glow !
To Which her Fairness adds peculiar Grace;
(The new-fall'n Snow less spotless than her Face;)

And

*Quæ, circum, facies, niveo candore, coronat ;
Virginis ut violam cùm tenet alba manus.*

*Tale novum seris cerasum sub floribus ardet ;
Æstatemque & Ver cùm simul arbor habet.*

*Me miserum ! quare, cum flagrantissima jungis
OSCU LA, de Thalamo cogor abire tuo ?*

*O ! saltem, labris serva hunc, FORMOSA, ruborem ;
Dum tibi me referet NOCTIS opaca quies !*

*Si tamen interea Cujusquam BASIA carpent,
Illa meis fiant pallidiora genis.*



B A S I U M XVIII.

CUM Labra nostræ cerneret PUELLA,
Inclusa circo candidæ figuræ ;
(Et si quis ornet, arte curiosâ,
Corallinis eburna signa Baccis)
Flevisse fertur CYPRI S, & gemendo
Lascivienteis convocasse AMORES ;

And with delicious Change attracts the Sight;
 The RED, conspiring to adorn the WHITE.
 Our ravish'd Eyes rich Vi'lets thus com-mand,
 Sweetly-supported by a Virgin Hand!
 Beneath pale Flow'rs thus infant Cherries please,
 When SPRING and SUMMER jointly deck the Trees;
 But while the kindest KISSES You bestow;
 Wretch that I am, such Pleasures to fore-go!
 Wretch that I am necessitated to rise!
 While inter-vening Light un-veils the Skies.
 Ah! keep for Me, SWEET LIPS, those purple Charms;
 'Till NIGHT return Me to NEERA's Arms.
 But if to Others You impart the Bliss;
 If You de-fraud me of a single KISS;
 O! may You ever lose your Rosy Bloom!
 And Languor, paler than my Cheeks, assume!



K I S S XVIII.

WHEN first She view'd the match-les Maid;
 When first those swelling Lips sur-vey'd;
 Lips! so complete in ev'ry Part!
 Not to be match'd by nicest Art!
 (Not! tho', with Coral, Iv'ry bound;
 Conspir'd to form as sweet a Round!)
 Strait, from her Breast rose secret Sighs;
 Tears fell from CYTHREIA's Eyes.
 And all around, (as ENVY moves,)
 She summons the lascivious LOVES:

“ Avails

Et. "quid juvat (dixisse) purpuratis
 "Vicisse in IDA PALLADEM labellis,
 "Et PRONUBAM magni JOVIS SOROREM
 "Sub arbitro Pastore? Cum NEERA
 "Hæc ante-cellat, arbitro Poëtâ?
 "At vos, furentes, ite in hunc Poëtam,
 "Et, dira plenis Tela de Pharetris,
 "In ILLIUS medullulas tenellas,
 "Pectusque per, jecurque per jocosum,
 "Destringite, acres perstrepende cornu.
 "At ILLA nullo pertepescat igne,
 "Sed tacta pectus Plumbeâ Sagittâ
 "Torpescat imas congelata venas."

Evénit: imis uror in medullis;
 Et torrido jecur liquefcit igne.
 Tu fulta pectus asperis pruinis
 Et caute, qualeis aut maris SICANI,
 Aut ADRIÆ unda tundit æstuosa,
 Secura ludis impotentem amantem.
 INGRATA! propter ista labra rubra

Laudata

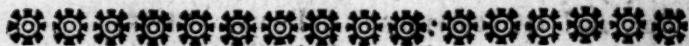
AL
 Fir
 An
 No
 Ah
 Ob
 Or
 An
 Inc

" Avails it Ought, (the Goddess cry'd)
 " That to these Lips, on sacred Ide,
 " (Tho', emulous, MINERVA strove ;
 " Tho' JUNO, Sister-Wife of JOVE !)
 " The SHEPHERD-JUDGE decreed the Prize ?
 " If a new POET-JUDGE arise,
 " That dares profane these Lips Divine ;
 " Dares Human Lips prefer to Mine ?
 " But go, MY BOYS, my faithful Guard !
 " Go punish this presumptuous Bard !
 " Trans-fix Him thro' the burning Heart !
 " Direct against Him ev'ry Dart !
 " Trans-fix Him thro' the melting Liver !
 " Empty upon Him ev'ry Quiver !
 " But, ah ! MY FAITHFULL BOYS, beware,
 " What Arms You use against the Fair.
 " Averse be ev'ry Arrow sped ;
 " From LOVE averse and tipt with Lead.
 " Such ! as the softest Bosom steels !
 " Such ! as the youngest Blood congeals !"

'Tis done. Involv'd in fiercest Fires,
 Ah ! me ! th' un-happy Bard expires.
 Firm, as He loves, the Fair disdains ;
 And, safe herself, de-rides his Pains.
 No soft Concern her Bosom shows.
 Ah ! COLD ! as HYPERBOREAN SNOWS !
 OBDURATE ! as SIGANIAN Caves !
 Or Rocks assail'd by ADRIAN Waves !
 And yet those Lips, too rashly prais'd,
 INGRATE ! these dire Disasters rais'd.

*Laudata plector. Heu, MISELLA, nescis,
Cur oderis: nec ira quid DEORUM
Effrena possit, & furor DIONES!*

*Duros remitte, MOLLICELLA, fastus:
Istoque dignos ore sume mores.
Et, quæ meorum caussa sunt dolorum,
Mellita labris necte labra nostris.
Haurire possis ut mei pusillum
Præcordiis ex intimis veneni,
Et mutuis languere victa flammis.
At nec DEOS, nec, tu, time DIONEN!
Formosa DIVIS imperat Puella.*



B A S I U M XIX.

MELLI-LEGÆ VOLUCRES! *quid adhuc*
THYMA *cana*, ROSASQUE,
Et rorem VERNÆ NECTAREUM VIOLÆ,

Lingitis? aut florem latè-spirantis ANETHI?
Omnes, ad DOMINÆ labra, venite, meæ.

*Illa ROSAS spirant omneis, THYMAQUE omnia, sola,
Et succum VERNÆ NECTAREUM VIOLÆ:*

Inde

[51]

For THOSE are all these Torments borne.
 Alas!— You know not why You scorn!
 What Crime could HEAV'NLY Pow'rs in-gage!
 What Fault rouse DIONE's Rage!

Then, GENTLY-NATUR'D, lay aside,
 It suits Thee ill, that stubborn Pride!
 Rough Manners those soft Charms disgrace:
 Assume a Look becomes thy Face.
 Mean-time, the Grounds of all my Woes,
 Those HONEY'D Lips to mine oppose:
 And, closely as They lie com-prest,
 Drink half the Poyson of my Breast.
 Fondly transfusing e'er They part,
 One equal Flame to Either Heart.
 Fear not tho' HEAV'NLY Pow'rs in-gage;
 Fear not to rouse DIONE's Rage.
 Thy Beauty, MAID, shall be thy Shield;
 Ev'n HEAV'NLY Pow'rs to Beauty yield.



K I S S X I X .

LABORIOUS BEES! why all this fruitless Toil?
 Why thus intent to gather pain-full Spoil?
 Where blooms the brightly ROSE with freshest Flow'rs;
 Where hoary THYME perfumes the fragrant Bow'rs;
 Where wide-spread Odors ANISES diffuse;
 And VERNAL VI'LETS shed NECTAREAN DEWS.

Inde procul dulces auræ funduntur ANETHI :

NARCISSI veris illa madent lacrymis ;

OEBALIIQUE madent juvenis fragrante cruore ;

Qualis uterque liquor, cùm cecidisset, erat,

NECTAREQUE ætherio medicatus, & aëre puro,

Impleret factu versis-colore solum.

Sed me, jure meo libantem mellea Labra,

INGRATÆ, socium ne prohibete favis.

Non etiam totas, AVIDÆ, distendite cellas,

Arescant DÔMINÆ ne semel ora meæ ;

BASIAQUE im-pressans ficcis sitientia labris,

Garrulus, indicii triste feram pretium.

Heu ! non & stimulis com-pungite molle labellum.

Ex oculis stimulos vibrat & ILLA pareis.

Credite, non ullum patietur vulnus in-ultum ;

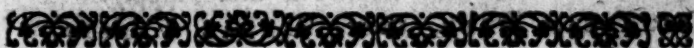
Leniter, in-nocuæ, mella legatis APES.

BASIUM

Go! to NEERA's Lips, YE VAGRANTS, fly!
 Those Lips will all your HONEY'D Stores supply.
 NECTAREAN Dews, there, VERNAL VIOLETS
 shed;

There, wide, soft ANISES their Odors spread;
 There, THYME with Fragrance yet unknown, perfumes;
 And there, the ROSE with double Freshness blooms.
 Steep'd in the Tears NARCISSUS lov'd too well!
 Bath'd in the Blood from HYACINTHUS fell;
 Whence variegated Flow'rs were said to rise;
 Im-mix'd with purest NECTAR from the Skies.

But when again that purple Mouth invites,
 Defraud me not, UNJUST, of ancient Rights;
 Nor from the tempting Sweets, UNGRATEFULL, drive;
 A Friend not useles to the common Hive!
 Nor yet each loaded Thigh, TOO FRUGAL, swell;
 Nor burst, TOO COVETOUS, each waxen Cell.
 Those melting Treasures, ah! forbear to waste,
 YE BEES, or rob of their delicious Taste!
 Lest when I seek, consum'd by fierce Desires,
 In humid Draughts to cool my raging Fires;
 I mourn (with joy-less KISSES ill-repay'd)
 That e'er my Tongue the vain Discov'ry made.
 Nor with your Darts her tender Lips annoy.
 Trust Me, her Eyes with keener Darts destroy.
 Each Wound sure Ruin on the Author brings.
 Sip, HARMLESS, and restrain your wanton Stings!



BASIUM XX.

SIVE

EPITHALAMIUM.

HORA *suavicula, & voluptuosa,*
Hora Blanditiis, Lepore, Risu,
Hora Deliciis, Jociis, Sufurris,
Hora Suaviolis, parique magnis
Cum DIIS & JOVE transigenda sorte ;
Hora quâ poterat beatiorum
Nec GNYDI DEA sancta polliceri ;
Nec qui, cum pharetrâ pererrat orbem,
Curis Gaudia delicata miscens,
Pennâ splendidus aureâ CUPIDO ;
Magni PRONUBA nec SOROR TONANTIS ;
Nec qui floridulas HYMEN Puellas,

Raptas

K I S S X X .

O R T H E

EPITHALAMIUM.

TH E Hour is come, with Pleasure crown'd;
Borne in ETERNAL Order round.

Hour! of indearing Looks and Smiles!

Hour! of voluptuous Sports and Wiles!

Hour! fraught with fondly-murm'ring Sighs!

Hour! blest with softly-dying Eyes!

Hour! with com-mingling KISSES SWEET!

Hour! of transporting Bliss, re-plete!

Hour! worthy ev'n of GODS ABOVE!

Hour! worthy all-commanding JOVE!

For not a fairer-omen'd Hour,

Cou'd promise the kind * GNIDIAN POW'R!

Not tender CUPID cou'd bestow!

The Boy with Silver-splendid Bow,

And Golden wing; delicious Boy!

That Sorrow still allays with Joy.

Nor, wont at Nuptials to preside,

† SHE, that of JOVE is SISTER-BRIDE!

* Venus.

† Juno.

Nor

Raptas è gremio tenace Matrum,

Involvit cupidis Viri lacertis.

RUPIS Incola floriger CANORA ;

Adveſta eſt, ſerie rotante COELI.

O! FELIX JUVENIS! PUELLA FELIX!

FELIX SPONSE! *cui cupita flamma*

Jam nunc in geminis quieſcet ulnis,

Puella, ætheriâ beata formâ !

Qualem magna VENUS, vel itque JUNC,

Et quæ caſſide MARTIA reſulget

Sancto vertice procreata, PALLAS ;

Si, junctæ, ſtatuant adire vallis

Umbroſas iterum virentis IDÆ ;

Quâ ſpectanda, vel HÆC, vel HÆC, vel ILLA,

(Quovis judicio) ſuberba, malum,

Victrix, aureolum reportet aſtris.

O! FELIX JUVENIS! PUELLA FELIX!

FELIX SPONSA! *cui cupitus Ardor*

Affuſus modò lectulo in beato,

Stringet colla tenacibus lacertis,

Inſigni Juvenis venuſtus ore!

Nor † HE, on TUNEFULL || SUMMIT born,
 THE GOD, whom flow'ry Wreaths adorn !
 Who, blooming Beauty tears away !
 Bears off by Force the charming Prey !
 From the reluctant Mother tears !
 To the rapacious Lover bears !
 Hour ! long-desir'd ! Hour ! long-delay'd !
 THRICE-HAPPY YOUTH ! THRICE-HAPPY MAID !

THRICE-HAPPY YOUTH ! Supremely blest !
 Of ev'ry Wish in One posselt !
 To Thee, the MAID of Form Divine,
 Comes, seeming-loath, but inly Thine.
 Such Form ! as JUNO's self might chuse ;
 Nor yet the MARTIAL MAID refuse ;
 (Tho' THAT th' ÆTHERIAL Scepter sways †
 And THIS the shining Shield displays !)
 Nor yet the CYPRIAN QUEEN disdain ;
 Bent, to re-seek the PHRYGIAN SWAIN,
 And Cause of Beauty re-decide ;
 In shady Vale of flow'ring IDE.
 How sure to gain the Golden Prize,
 (Tho' judg'd by less-discerning Eyes)
 She, in that matchless Form arraid ?
 THRICE-HAPPY YOUTH ! THRICE-HAPPY MAID !

THRICE-HAPPY MAID ! Supremely blest !
 Of ev'ry Wish in One posselt !
 To Thee, on Wings of LOVE and TRUTH,
 Comes all-devote, the raptur'd YOUTH.

† Hymen.

|| Helicon.

Thy

*Istis qui rosâs tuis labellis,
Istis qui nivâs tuis papillis,
Isto qui rutilante crine tactus,
Isto lumine qui loquace victus,
Jampridem tacito voratur igni.
Lentumque increpat, usque & usque, SOLEM;
Tardamque invocat, usque & usque, LUNAM.
O! FELIX JUVENIS! PUELLA FELIX!*

*Votis, FERVIDE SPONSE, parte votis;
Et suspiria mitte, mitte questus.
Tempus accelerat suâve. Mitis
Exaudit gemitus VENUS Suorum.
Condit CYNTHIUS ora, condit ora;
Seque gurgite perluens IBERO
Cedit NOCTI-VAGÆ locum SORORI.
Et quo gratior haud relucet IGNIS
Conjunctis animis AMORE dulci,
Producit caput, emicatque CALO
Ductor HESPERUS auræa catervæ.
O! FELIX JUVENIS! PUELLA FELIX!*

*Jam VIRGO Thalamum subibit; unde
Ne VIRGO redeat, Marite, cura.*

Jam

Thy bending Neck with eager Hold,
 Thy Waiste, impatient to in-fold.
 While, for that Hair of easy Flow !
 While, for that Breast of Virgin Snow !
 While, for that Lip of rosy Die !
 While, for that sweetly-speaking Eye !
 With silent Passion he expires ;
 And burns with still-consuming Fires.
 Now PHÆBUS, slow to quit the Skies !
 Now loit'ring PHÆBE, slow to rise !
 Persists, alternate, to upbraid.
 THRICE-HAPPY YOUTH ! THRICE-HAPPY MAID.

Spare, YOUTH, your Vows, vain Off'rings, spare !
 Forbear, your need-less Sighs, forbear !
 Lo ! Time, in ever-varying Race,
 Brings on at last the wish'd-for Space.
 Mild VENUS with propitious Ears,
 The Sorrows of her Vot'ries hears.
 While, CYNTHIUS, down the WESTERN Steeps,
 Low-plunges in IBERIAN Deeps ;
 And quits, the ample Fields of Air,
 To his NIGHT-WAND'RING SISTER's Care.
 Than Whom, no Light more gratefull shines,
 To Souls which MUTUAL-LOVE conjoins.
 Not HE that leads the Stars along ;
 Brightest of all the glitt'ring Throng ;
 HESPER ! with Golden Torch displaid !
 THRICE-HAPPY YOUTH ! THRICE-HAPPY MAID.

See ! where the MAID, all-panting, lies ;
 (Ah ! never more a MAID to rise !)

And

*Jam VIRGO niveis locata fulcris
Adventum cupiet tuum, tremetque ;
Perfusa ingenio rubore m̃alas.*

*Forsan & Lacrymis genæ madebunt,
Et Suspiria fundet, & Querelas.*

At tu nil remoratus, & Querelas

Et Suspiria, Lacrymasque tolles ;

Abstergens oculos tuo ore ; dulce

Murmur pro Querimoniis reponens.

O ! FELIX JUVENIS ! PUELLA FELIX !

Ergo, membra ubi VIRGINIS decoræ

Felix candida lectulus fovebit ;

(Membra ! languidulo parata SOMNO !)

Et molli quoque te toro locatum,

Supra purpureos, beata, Reges

Supra constituet JOVEM, DIONE.

Mox te blandidicis parare Rixis,

Mox te molliculæ parare Pugnæ,

Motus occipies calore justo :

Belli prospera Signa non cruenti

Figens mille protervus hic et illic,

Collo BASTIA multa, multa m̃alis ;

Labris

And longs, yet trembles at thy Tread ;
 Her Cheeks perfus'd with decent Red :
 Expressing-half her inward Flame !
 Half-springing from ingenuous Shame !
 Tears from her Eyes, perhaps, may steal ;
 Her Joys the better to conceal ;
 Then, Sighs, with Grief un-real fraught,
 Then, follow, Complaints of Wrongs un-thought.
 But cease not Thou with idle Fears ;
 For all her Complaints, or Sighs, or Tears.
 Kiss'd be the Tears from off her Eyes !
 With tender Murmurs stop'd, her Sighs !
 With Soothings soft her Complaints allay'd !
THRICE-HAPPY YOUTH! THRICE-HAPPY MAID

The MAID, in decent Order plac'd ;
 With ev'ry Bridal Honor grac'd ;
 Thro' all her Limbs, begin to spread
 The Glowings of the Genial Bed ;
 And languid Sleep dispose to take !
 Did not the YOUTH, more watchfull, wake ;
 And, the mild QUEEN of fierce Desire,
 With Warmth not disproportion'd, fire :
 Taught hence, nor purpled Kings to prize,
 Nor scepter'd JOVE, that rules the Skies.
 Soon for soft Combats He prepares,
 And gentle Toils of am'rous Wars.
 Declar'd, but with no loud Alarms !
 Begun, but with no dreaded Arms !
 Kisses ! which, wanton as he strays,
 He darts a thousand wanton Ways ;

G

At

Labris BASIA plura, plura ocellis.

Repugnabit, & "Improbum" vocabit;

Et dicet; "Satis est" tremente voce;

Arcebitque manu proterva labra;

Propelletque manu manum protervam.

O! NOCTEM TER, ET AMPLIUS, BEATAM!

Pugnet, Strenua; pugnet, Illa. Pisci

Pugnando teneri volunt AMORES.

Pugnando tibi duplicatus ardor

Vireis sufficiet novas in arma.

Tunc, per candida colla, tunc, per illud

Quod certat ebori nitore pectus,

Tunc per crura tenella, perque ventrem,

Et quæ proxima sunt & huic & illis,

Saltu volue agili manum salacem:

Et tot millia junge BASIORUM

Quot COELUM rutilos tenebit Igneis.

O! NOCTEM, QUATER ET QUATER, BEATAM!

Nec desint tibi blandulæque voces;

Et quæcunque juvant perita verba;

Nec cum murmure fibili suâves.

Qualeis,

At Mouth or Neck, at Eyes or Cheeks.

HIM humbly SHE full-oft be-speaks.

Intreats, "AN HELP-LESS MAID to spare!"

And begs, with trembling Voice, "FORBEAR!"

Full-oft his Rudeness loudly blames,

His bound-less Insolence proclaims.

His Lips, with Lips averſe, withſtands,

With Hands, reſtrains his roving Hands.

Reſiſtance ſweet! Delicious Fight!

O! NIGHT! O! DOUBLY-HAPPY NIGHT!

CONTENTION obſtinate ſucceeds.

The tender LOVES CONTENTION feeds!

By That re-doubled Ardor burns!

By That re-doubled Strength re-turns.

Now ore her Neck take nimble Flight.

Her Breſt as ſpotleſs Iv'ry white!

Her Waſte of gradual-riſing Charms!

Soft-molded Legs! ſmooth-polish'd Arms!

Search all the Tracts, in curious Sport,

Conductive to the CYPRIAN-COURT.

Thro' all the dark Reſeſſes go,

And all the Shady Coverts know.

To this, un-number'd Kiſſes join,

Un-number'd as the Stars that ſhine,

Com-mingling Rays of blended Light.

O! NIGHT! O! DOUBLY-HAPPY NIGHT!

Then ſpare no Blandiſhments of LOVE.

Sounds, that with ſoft'ning Flatt'ry move!

Sighs, that with ſoothing Murmur pleaſe!

The Injur'd VIRGIN to appeaſe.

*Qualeis, dant ZEPHYRO sonante blandum,
Frondes ! Quale, columba ! Quale, cygnus
Annosus moriente spirat ore !*

*Donec victa potentibus sagittis,
Et cæco PUERI VOLANTIS igne,
Paulatim, minus & minus, severa,
Ponet purpureum toro Pudorem ;
Collum in brachia nexuosa dedens,
Collo brachia nexuosa stringens.*

O ! NOCTEM QUATER, O ! QUATER BEATAM !

*Tunc, tunc, OSCULA delicata sumes,
Nullis contemnerata quæ rapinis,
Hærebunt vario morata nexu.*

Tunc lusus simileis, pareisque VIRGO

Reddet delicias ; & os hiulcum

Jampridem patulo, licenter, ori

Committens, animæ libidinoso

Fragrantis cupidum beabit basstu.

Mox lusu quoque molliore ludens,

Dicet blanditias suâviores ;

Emittet digitos licentiores ;

Finget nequitiam salaciorem.

O ! NOCTEM, NIMIS ET NIMIS, BEATAM !

*Tunc, arma expedienda ; tunc, " AD ARMA"
Et VENUS vocat, & vocat CUPIDO :*

Tunc,

Such ! as when ZEPHYR fans the Grove,
 Or coo's, the am'rous-billing Dove.
 Or sings the Swan with tune-full Breath ;
 Conscious of near-approaching DEATH !
 Till pierc'd by CUPID's pow'rfull Dart,
 As by-degrees re-lents her Heart,
 The VIRGIN, less and less severe,
 Quits, by-degrees, her stubborn Fear.
 Now on your Arms her Neck re-clines ;
 Now with her Arms your Neck in-twines ;
 As LOVE's re-fittless Flames in-cite.
 O! NIGHT! O! DOUBLY-HAPPY NIGHT!

Sweet KISSES shall reward your Pains.
 KISSES ! which no rude Rapine stains !
 From Lips on swelling Lips that swell !
 From Lips on dwelling Lips that dwell !
 That Play return with equal Play !
 That Bliss with equal Bliss repay !
 That vital Stores, from either Heart,
 Imbibing, Soul for Soul impart.
 'Till now the MAID, advent'rous grown,
 Attempts new Frolics of her own.
 Now, suffers, Strangers to the Way,
 Her far more-daring Hands to stray.
 Now Sports far more-salacious seeks,
 Now Words far more licentious speaks.
 Words ! that past Suff'rings well-requite.
 O! NIGHT! O! DOUBLY-HAPPY NIGHT!

To ARMS ! To ARMS ! now CUPID sounds.
 Now is the Time for gratefull Wounds.

Tunc, in vulnere grata proruendum.
Huc, illuc, agilis feratur hasta ;
Quam, crebro furibunda verset ictu,
Non MARTIS SOROR, ast AMICA MARTIS,
Semper læta novo cruore, CYPRIIS.
Nec quies lateri laborioso
Detur, mobilibus nec ulla coxis :
Donec deficiente voce anhelâ,
Donec deficientibus medullis,
Membris languidulis, madens uterque
Sudabit varii liquoris undas.
O ! NOCTEM NIMIS, O ! NIMIS, BEATAM !

Sudate ut libet, & dieisque longas
Noctesque exigit impotente lusu !
Et brevi date Liberosque dulcis,
Et longo ordine blandulos Nepotes,
Quæ vobis Senii minuta turba
Olim sollicitos levabit Annos ;
Arcebit querulos toro Dolores ;
Languentum tremulos fovebit Artus ;
Componet tumulo pios Parentes.
O ! FELIX JUVENIS ; PUELLA FELIX !



Here VENUS waves the nimble Spear.—

VENUS is WARLIKE GODDESS here.

Here not thy SISTER, MARS, presides.

Thy MISTRESS in these Conflicts prides.

While close-engage the struggling Foes,

And, rest-less, Breast to Breast oppose.

While, eager, This disputes the Field ;

And That alike disdains to yield.

'Till lo ! in breath-less Transports tost,

'Till in restless Raptures lost,

Their Limbs with liquid Dews distill ;

Their Hearts with pleasing Horrors thrill ;

And faint away in wild Delight.

O ! NIGHT ! O ! DOUBLY-HAPPY NIGHT !

O ! may You oft these Sports re-new,

And thro' long Days and Nights pursue !

With many an early Moon begun !

Prolong'd to many a setting Sun !

May a fair Off-spring crown your Joys,

Of prating Girls, and smiling Boys !

And yet another Off-spring rise !

Sweet Objects to Parental Eyes !

The Cares, assiduous to assuage,

That still solícite querulous Age.

Carefull, your trembling Limbs to stay,

That fail with un-perceiv'd Decay.

Pious, when summon'd hence you go,

The last kind Office to bestow.

Office ! with un-feign'd Sorrow paid !

THRICE-HAPPY YOUTH ! THRICE-HAPPY MAID !

EPIGRAM



JOANNIS SECUNDI,
ad GRAMMATICOS, *cur scri-*
bat lasciviùs, EPIGRAMMA.

CArmina cur spargam cunetis lasciva libellis,
Quæritis? Insulsos arceo GRAMMATICOS.

Fortia magnanimi canerem si CÆSARIS arma,
Facilave DIVORUM relligiosa VIRUM:

Quot miser exciperemque notas, patererque lituras?
Quot fierem teneris supplicium Pueris?

At nunc uda mihi dicent cum BASIA carmen,
Pruriat & versu mentula multa meo;

Me legat innuptæ Juvenis placiturus Amicæ,
Et placitura novo blanda Puella Viro:

Et



EPIGRAM

O F

Joannes Secundus,

*To the GRAMMARIANS,
why he writes Wantonly.*

WHY thus I sport in wanton-measur'd Strains ;
 Why LOVE, in ev'ry Verse, luxuriant, reigns ?
 To fright dull PEDANTS, learnedly-un-bred ;
 And SCHOLIASTS banish, un-politely-read.
 Shou'd I my Voice to mighty CÆSAR raise ;
 Or tempt, of SAINT-LIKE MEN, the sacred Praise :
 What Notes (oppressive Weight !) must I endure ?
 What Comments, obvious Readings to obscure ?
 Expos'd, alas ! to what un-letter'd Strains ?
 To Boys the certain Cause of future Pains ?
 But while on KISSES I imploy my Song ;
 KISSES ! or moist or dry ; or short or long :
 Me, fummon the un-married Youth to Aid !
 Me, bent on Joy, the newly-married Maid !

Me,

*Et Quemcumque juvat lepidorum de grege Vatum
Otia festivis ludere Deliciis.*

*Lusibus at lætis procul hinc abssistite, SÆVI
GRAMMATICI, injustas & cobibete manus.*

*Ne Puer, ob molleis cæsus lacrymansque Lepores ;
“ DURAM FORTE MEIS OSSIBUS OPTET HU-
MUM.*

F I N I S.



Me, the gay Bard, whom lighter Studies please;
 Wisely-indulging in delicious Ease!
 But from these Sports, YE SAVAGE HERD, abstain!
 These never with un-hallow'd Hands profane!
 Nor turn to Grief, what we to Mirth design!
 Left, punish'd for some soft perverted Line,
 Wrong'd Innocence, with Tears unjustly shed,
 "WISH THE COLD EARTH LIE HEAVY ON THE
 DEAD!

F I N I S.



[illegible]

0.32
16.2

S

D

A

[

As
lige
Isa
Bro
or
tru
pre
bef
and
lim
Hi
dra
gie
Pi
fist



T O

Sir RICHARD MEADE, *Bar^t.*

A

DISSERTATION.

In which is contain'd,

A Critic upon the BASIA *of*
SECUNDUS.

THE Works of *Secundus*, particularly as publish'd by *Scriverius*, are introduc'd with Commendatory Verses by the most learned Hands. As *Theodorus Beza*, *Janus Douza*, *Julius Cæsar Scalliger*, *Lucas Holsteinius*, *Henricus Hudemannus*, *Joh. Isaacus Pontanus*, &c. Not to mention those of his Brothers, *Nicolaus Grudius*, and *Hadrianus Marius*; or those of his best Editors, *Gulielmus Cripinus*, and *Petrus Scriverius*. Who often compare, and sometimes prefer Him, not only to the best *modern*, but to the best *antient* Poets: As to *Martial*, *Catullus*, *Anacreon* and *Pindar*; or to *Ovid*, *Tibullus*, *Propertius* and *Callimachus*. But the Character I chuse to give you of Him, as the most equal and maintainable, is that drawn up by *Cripinus* in his *Preface*; That in his *Elegies*, he was soft, tender and perspicuous. In his *Love Pieces* gay and lively. In his *Funerals*, grave but not stiff. His Expression copious and elegant. To conclude,

H

sweet

sweet in his *Odes*, and subtle in his *Epigrams*. In *Elegiis lenis, dulcis, perspicuus*. In *Amoribus, festivus & lepidus*. In *Luctu gravis, nec tamen elatus*. *Oratio plena omni genere Affectuum*. In *Epigrammatibus, argutus*. In *Lyricis, suavis*. *Ubique elegans*.

But of all the Works of *Secundus*, that which touches the most sensibly is his *Basia* or *Kisses*. That Incomparable and almost Divine Book, *Incomparabilis & divinus prorsus Liber*; as *Scriverius* calls it. For so charming is the Easiness, so pleasing the Simplicity that reigns throughout; accompanied with such Elegance of Thought, and Purity of Expression! It must be allow'd; whatever he loses upon Account of Majesty and Grandeur; there are not many, either *Ancient* or *Modern*, that surpass him, in what we may call the *Agreeable* and *Delicate* in Poetry. The Praises, therefore, he has receiv'd, from the great Men of his and the succeeding Age, are not less Proofs of his Merit, than Returns for the Pleasure He had given them. It was this extorted from *Gulielmus Cripus* the Incomium that *Venus* herself dictated those *Golden Verses*.

*Scribenti Venus adstitit Secundo,
Atque istum præ-eunte Nato
Dictavit lepidum aureumque Librum.*

Nicolaus Grudius commends them for a Mixture of *Serious* which he discover'd in them,

Seria Deliciis mixta Cytheriacis!

And *Adrianus Vettius* to the same Effect:

Vitæ dulcia profitura Dogmata.

But *Jacobus Marchantius* says; they are above all Censure.

*Dum magnis animis & apparatu
In laudes raptor tuas, Secunde:
Rogabat Cytherea juncta Phæbo,
Irrisura superfluum Laborem;
"Ecquis vituperat meum Poetam?"*

While

While charm'd *Secundus*, with thy Lays,
 My Soul beats eager of thy Praise;
 And meditates her airy Flight,
 Ravish'd with the sublime Delight:
 Behold the Queen of soft Desire,
 (*Phæbus* stood near her with the Lyre)
 Gently reproves my need-less Care.
 " Here thy superfluous Kindness spare!
 " Breathes there on Earth (the Goddess cries)
 " The Wretch that dares my *Bard* despise?

The very Prose-Writers turn Poets upon the Subject of these *Kisses*; thus *Hadrianus Junius*, in his *Batavia*; This Town, says he, (speaking of the *Hague*) produced the happy Genius of *Joannes Secundus*. A Genius formed by the very Muses! Whose *Kisses* shall live, as long as the Lips of Lovers thirst for *Kisses*. *Dedit eadem felicissimum & ab ipsis Musis effictum ingenium Joannis Secundi; cujus Basia vivunt, dum Basii Amantium ora patebunt.* And *Lilius Gyraldus*, in his History of the Poets of his own Times, tells us; None can read the *Kisses* of *Secundus*, without imagining they felt them. *Fuit, & Joannes Secundus, Hagensis; cujus extant Basia, quæ ab omnibus ita leguntur, ut Basii affici videantur.* And *Daniel Heinsius*, in his Letter to *Lernutius*, says, *Venus* steep'd them in the Quintessence of her Nectar. *Secundus ille cujus Basia, parte quintâ ejus Nectaris Dione imbuunt, quo Deorum mentes invitare ad Leporem & Hilaritatem solet.*

But to enter more particularly into the Character of these little Pieces; let Us discover, if possible, in what their chief Excellence consists. For in Poetry, as in other Circumstances, tho' we feel Our-selves sensibly pleas'd, we cannot always account, why those Objects so sensibly please Us. Their chief Excellence then consists; not in any rare or sublime Thoughts; but in such as are soft and tender. The Images they present, strike with Mildness, not Surprise: They are common, yet natural; easy, but elegant; plain, but neat. Here You

will find neither the Sports of Fancy, nor the Points of Wit; but delicate Sentiments and lively Turns. Rather, simple, in the Manner of *Anacreon* or *Sappho*, than flourish'd, like *Martial* or *Claudian*; Of the Sort of Beauty that pleases without Paint; or Gentleness, that charms without Affectation. The Language, in short, of Nature, not of Art. And yet this Character, I will venture to say, is more rare to find, and more difficult to hit, than That which consists in extraordinary and surprizing Thoughts. The Idea I form of it is easily conceiv'd by this plain Circumstance; What Numbers have we of *Moderns*, especially the Poets of *Italy* and *Spain*, that have equal'd and even surpass'd in this flourish'd Way both *Martial* and *Claudian*? And yet how few, if any, have been able to approach the true Simplicity of *Anacreon* and *Sappho*; without failing in the *lively* and *natural* Air; and even sinking into the *Low* and *Infantine*?

It is, doubtless, this *lively* and *natural* Beauty, that constitutes the great Talent of *Secundus*. He is every where agreeable without seeming to desire it. His Flight is never daring, but always equal. In Him, we meet some Traces of that Delicacy, which Readers only of good Taste can relish; and which it is yet less easy to define. What the *Romans* term'd *Urbanity*; and the *Greeks* call'd *Attic Salt*. But He will hardly take with Those, Who cannot rest content with Nature or Truth. Who are taken with Dress and Show. Who are pleas'd with Conceits and Points: With Oppositions and Antitheses. Who admire no Verses, of which every Couplet might not pass for a perfect *Epigram*, and every *Epigram* for a profound *Mystery*.

As it is not here my Design, to enter upon a verbal Comment or Criticism of *Secundus*; I shall pass over those general Imitations of the Ancients, so frequent in the *Basia*; and of which I could give various Instances, as well from *Ovid*, *Tibullus*, and *Propertius*, as from *Horace*, *Gallus* and *Virgil*. But I shall confine my self to *Catullus*, whose general Turn of Thought as well as Expression, of all the Ancients, upon which

He

He form'd himself, He copies most, or nearest resembles. *Catullus* I say, who, the *Critics* allow, was a fine Genius; and had a peculiar Talent of painting his natural Temper and Humor, in the most easy and pleasant Manner. That I am not singular in this Opinion, take the Testimony of *Hadrianus Junius Hornannus*; who tells us, "That all the Beauty and Elegance of *Catullus* shines in the little Poems of *Secundus*. " *Cujus in Poematis omnes Veneres & Elegantiæ Catullianæ renident.*" And *Janus Douša* even prefers his *Kisses* to those of *Catullus*.

*Catulliana cesset æmulatio,
Et osculationis improbæ seges.
Tua ista palma, jure debitus tibi hic
Honos, Secunde. Nam quæ Hymettia, aut tuis
Sicana mella conferenda Basiis?*

The Admirers of *Catullus*, but especially the ancient *Critics*, have bestow'd great Commendations, as well upon his Style as Manner. And *Aulus Gellius* among the rest, boasts highly in his *Attic Nights*, of his Softness and Elegance, his Tenderness and Purity. The Lovers of *Antiquity*, that regret the Loss they sustain of the best Part of these Works, thro' the Injuries of Time, may receive some Consolation from the Reparations of *Secundus*. Who has so happily imitated, if not equal'd his Original; painting without forc'd and studied Ornaments, the Passions and Inclinations of his Soul in Colours perhaps as lively, at least nearly approaching.

One Circumstance that particularly pleases in this Work, is, the happy Manner the Author takes to express his Joy after his successful Adventures. We have few Things, if You reflect, well-writ in any Language upon this Occasion. The most we meet is a general Exclamation in the first Extasy. *Ovid* and some other of the *Elegiac* Poets have given us Examples. But it is in Pursuit of the Object, that they lay themselves out with all their Fancy and Vigor. A thousand

Things have been prettily said upon the Subject of Hope and Fear; Kindness and Cruelty; Expectation and Disappointment! All Things before, but none after Compliance! The Poet grows indolent and lazy after Possession as well the Lover. And brings often to Mind *Manimida's* Complaint in the *Orphan of Otway*.

He scarce afforded one kind parting Word;
But went away *so cold*: The Kiss He gave me
Seem'd the *forc'd* Compliment of *fated* Love.

While *Secundus*, thro' his whole Amour, pursues this Rule, so necessary yet difficult to observe to a kind Mistress; to address Her always with Warmth, and never leave Her with Indifference.

Not that *Secundus* could keep to Himself intire the Heart of his *Neera*. She was in Reality of a Turn like that Lady, to whom *Voiture* jocosely writing, "I would not break your Heart for all the World; were it once in-two, says he, I doubt one half of it at-least would be given away in my Absence. *Mais pour vous dire le vrai, je serai bien-aise qu'il demeure entier; Et je craindrois que s'il étoit une fois en deux, il ne fût partagé en mon Absence.*" It was upon some little Suspicion of this Kind, that *Secundus* wrote his *Seventeenth Bassum*.

*O saltem, labris serva hunc, Formosa, ruborem,
Dum tibi me referet noctis opaca quies!
Si tamen interea Cujusquam Basia carpent;
Illa meis fiant pallidiora genis.*

O keep for me, *sweet Lips*, those Purple Charms,
Till Night return me to *Neera's* Arms!
But if to Others You impart the Bliss;
If You defraud me of a single Kiss;
O may You ever lose your Rosy Bloom,
And Languor, paler than my Cheeks assume!

As the Seventh is the plainest but prettiest Excuse for Jealousy imaginable.

*Ergo ego mihi vel Jovem.
Rivalem potero pati?
Rivales oculi mei,
Non ferunt mea labra!*

How shall I think to *share* thy Love?
How *bear* a Rival ev'n of *Jove*?
When scarce my Eyes thy Beauties *share*!
And scarce my Lips for Rivals *bear*!

For *Neæra*, as she was born nearer the Sun, was neither of so mild nor tractable a Disposition as *Julia*. She was of *Spain*, as appears by the Third of his *Elegies*, intitled *Solennes*; where by the Way he draws the first formidable Picture of Her. Upon which Subject He afterwards compos'd an entire Elegy; (the fifth of the second Book) expatiating upon her Insolence and capricious Humor. However, if *Secundus* sometimes complains, as in the Fifteenth *Basium*, of her Unkindness; at other Times, as in the Ninth, he complains of her Over-fondness. Her Good-nature was extensive as her Inconstance. She seems upon the whole, to have been one of a sprightly but frail Complexion, and in all Respects a Mistress of great Beauties but great Defects. Her Character is thus summ'd up by *Secundus*.

*Lumina mi atque animum cepit tua candida forma;
Moribus offendor, torva Neæra, tuis.
Nec mihi nuda places, sed cum vestita recumbis.
Basia me capiunt; non amo concubitus.
Quot doteis Natura dedit, totidem tibi mendas
Addidit: & tamen, (heu!) tete ego depereo.
Nimirum cæcus non est cum pulchra tuetur;
Tunc Argum, tunc & Lyncea vincit Amor.
At mendas spectare, aversâ fronte, recusat;
Tunc & Tiresiâ cæciar ac Thamyrâ.*

My

My Love, the Beauties of her Form create;
 The Manners of her Soul provoke my Hate.
 Nor yet when naked in my Arms she lies;
 (I loath a Mistress that keeps no Disguise).
 But drest, *Neera* shines with sweetest Grace.
 I seek the tender *Kiss*, not loose *Imbrace*.
 As many Lures as *Nature* to inslave,
 So many, to release, Defects she gave.
 And yet, in-spite I doat upon Her still!
 Such, *Love*, ore human Hearts, thy Sov'reign Will!
Love! ever-quick, the slightest Charm to spy,
 Not *Lynx*, not *Argus* boasts so sure an Eye!
 But, ever-slow the plainest Fault to find,
 Not *Thamyras*, *Tiresias* not so blind!

But to return to *Catullus*. Among his Poems are three or four little Pieces; from which, if I guess right, our Author took the first Hint of his *Basia*. What artful Improvements He has made, I leave You to judge; from the Comparison of them in this Place; for which You need not take the Trouble of turning to the Original.

Ad Verannium. Carm. 9.

Veranni! omnibus meis amicis
 Antistans mihi millibus trecentis:
 Venistine domum ad tuos Penates
 Fratresque unanimos, tuamque Matrem?
 Venisti? ô mihi nuncii beati!
 Visam te incolumem audiamque Iberum
 Narrantem loca facta, nationes,
 (Ut mos est tuus) Applicansque collum,
 Jucundum os, oculosque suaviabor?
 O! quantum est hominum beatiorum,
 Quid me lætius est beatiusve?

To Verannius.

Dear Friend! all other Friends above!
 Confirm'd by Bonds of strictest Love!

Art

Art Thou again return'd from far,
 To visit thy Domestic Lar?
 Thy social Brothers to delight?
 And joy thy longing Mother's Sight?
 Welcome, from the Iberian Coast,
 To All! to thy Catullus most!
 And shall I see Thee safe from Harms?
 And hear Thee talk of foreign Arms?
 Their Manners, and their Deeds display?
 Told in thy wonted-pleasing Way!
 Till, rais'd by the delicious Tale,
 My Kisses ore thy Words prevail;
 Pour'd out in Rapture on those Eyes;
 Or Lips, where sweetest Honey lies!
 Then who, of earthly Goods possessest,
 Or half so glad, or half so blest?

Ad Juventium. Carm. 48.

*Mellitos oculos tuos, Juventi!
 Siquis me sinat usque basiare,
 Usque ad millia basiem trecenta,
 Nec unquam saturum inde cor futurum est:
 Non si densior aridis aristis,
 Sit nostræ seges osculationis.*

To Juventius.

Those Eyes, that with such Lustre shine,
Juventius! those sweet Eyes of thine;
 O might I offer, uncontrol'd,
 A thousand Kisses, three-times told:
 That Number would not half suffice,
 My Love for those sweet-shining Eyes!
 Not! tho' the Crop of Kisses here,
 Surpass'd the Harvest of the Year!

Ad Lesbiam. Carm. 5.

*Vivamus, mea Lesbia, atque amemus;
 Rumoresque Senum severiorum.*

Omnes

*Omnes unius æstimemus assis.
 Soles occidere, & redire possunt :
 Nobis, quum semel occidit brevis lux,
 Nox est perpetua una dormienda.
 Da mi Basia mille, deinde centum,
 Dein mille altera, dein secunda centum,
 Dein usque altera mille, deinde centum.
 Dein quum millia multa fecerimus,
 Conturbabimus illa: Ne sciamus,
 Aut ne quis malus invidere possit ;
 Quum tantum sciat esse Basiorum.*

To *Lesbia*.

Thus living, loving thus, despise,
 The Censures of the Grave and Wise.
 The Suns that fail with setting Rays,
 Revive to shine on other Days:
 But once We set with failing Light,
 With us 'tis one eternal Night.
Kisses, while yet We love and live,
 A Thousand and an Hundred give ;
 And then another Thousand more ;
 A second Hundred as before ;
 Another Thousand are too few ;
 A second Hundred must insue.
 'Till after many Thousands past,
 The Number we forget at-last ;
 Or envious Spies their Rage forego,
 When They the happy Number know !

Ad Lesbiam Carm. 7.

*Quæris quot mihi Basiationes
 Tuæ, Lesbia, sint satis, superque ?
 Quàm magnus numerus Lybissæ arenæ
 Laserpiceris jacet Cyrenis ;
 Oraculum inter Jovis æstuosi
 Et Batti veteris sacrum sepulchrum :*

Aut

*Aut quàm Sidera multa, quum tacet Nox,
Furtivos Hominum vident Amores.
Tam te Basia multa basiare
Vesano satis, & super Catullo est;
Quæ nec pernumerare Curiosi
Possint, nec mala fascinare Lingua.*

To *Lesbia*,

“ How many *Kisses* (*Lesbia* cries)
“ May, or enough, or more, suffice? ”
As many *Kisses* as the Sands,
That spread *Cyrene's* barren Strands;
From where the Tomb of *Battus* lies,
To where *Jove's* sacred Temples rise:
As many as the Sparks of Light,
That in the silent Hour of Night,
Observe from-high the furtive Joys,
Of tender Maids and am'rous Boys:
Kisses; that to such Numbers mount,
As no vain-curious Spy can count,
Or Tongue, with venom'd Envy blast;
Jealous of Joys forbid to taste.
“ So many, (thy *Catullus* cries)
“ Wou'd, or enough, or more, suffice.

Which, (to trace the Kisses of *Secundus* to their first Original) *Catullus* seems to have formed upon the Thirty Second Ode of *Anacreon*. Where he gives a Detail of his *Loves*.

Εἰς τῆς ἑαυτοῦ Ἐρώτας.

Εἰ φύλλα πάντα δίνδραν
Ἐπίσασαι κατεπῆν,
Εἰ ἡμαθῶδες εὐρεῖν
Τὸ τῆς ὅλης θαλάσσης,
Σὲ τ' ἐμῶν Ἐρώτων
Μόνον ποιεῖ λογισμῷ.

Πρώτον

Πρῶτον μὲν ἐξ Ἀθηναίων
 Ἐρωτας ἔκαστιν θίς.
 Καὶ πεντεκαίδεκα ἄλλους.
 Ἐπειτα δ' ἐκ Κορίνθου
 Θίς ὁρμαθὺς Ἐρώτων
 Ἀχαιῆς γὰρ ἐστὶν,
 Ὅπου καλαὶ γυναικίαι.
 Τίθει δ' Ἀεσβίους μοι,
 Καὶ μέγιστα Ἰωνίαι,
 Καὶ Καρίης, Ῥόδου τε,
 Διχαλίδας Ἐρωτας.
 Τί φῆς; αἰεὶ κηρῶ θίς
 Ὅπου Σύρους ἔλεξα,
 Ὅπου πόδας Κανάρβα,
 Ὅυ τῆς ἅπασ' ἐχέουσης
 Κρήτης, ὅπου πόλεισσιν
 Ἐρως ἐπορρυσίζῃ.
 Τί σοι θέλεις ἀειθμῶ
 Τὺς ἐκτὸς αὖ Γαδεύρων,
 Τῶν Βακτερίων τε καὶ Ἰδῶν
 Ψυχῆς ἐμῆς Ἐρωτας.

My Loves? — To endless Sums They rise!
 What Numbers can my Loves suffice?
 First count the Leaves that cloath the Trees!
 First count the Sands that stock the Seas!
 Then not in vain the Labor proves,
 To count the Numbers of my Loves.
 With *Athens* first begin the Score.
Athenian Loves! write five-times four.
 Then add in order — let me see,
 To five-times four, add five-times three.
 Let *Corinth* your next care command;
Corinthian Loves! a numerous Band!
Achaian Beauties triumph there;
 There shine the Fairest of the Fair!
 Then all my tender *Lesbian* Flames;
 Then all my choice *Ionian* Dames;
 And who in *Rhodes*, or *Caria* dwell;
 Of These a full two-thousand tell.

What!

What! dost Thou ask me; *never done*?

Alas! I've only just begun.

For why shou'd I the rest forbear?

Or Those that breath in *Syrian Air*?

Or Those *Canopian Walls* contain?

Or yet the charming *Cretan Train*;

With whom, ev'n Love full oft resorts,

And sacred keeps his wanton Sports?

Much less omit my *Bactrian Maids*?

Or *Indian Nymphs* beyond the *Gades*?

Who all resistless Arrows dart;

And all by Turns possess my Heart?

This Ode, among some others, has pass'd thro' Mr. Cowley's Hands. After Whom it may be thought not only unnecessary, but presumptuous, to attempt a new Version. The best Apology that can be made, at least to the *English* Reader, is; that We have follow'd a different Track. Mr. Cowley intending his, for a Paraphrase; We ours, for a more literal Translation.

After speaking so largely, of Those that *Secundus* has imitated; it is but fair on the other Side, to speak of Those that have imitated *Secundus*. Particularly of *Bonefonius*; since, possibly, every Reader is not apprised, that the first Edition of the *Basia* of *Bonefonius*, was publish'd about fifty Years after the Death of *Secundus*. It seems too, that *Bonefonius* himself was willing to disguise his Obligations to *Secundus*; since in his Poem to *Guellius*, where He professes himself a Follower of *Catullus*, He has Recourse even to *Pliny* and *Calvus*, of whose Verses We have scarce any Fragments left; rather than mention an Author, who immediately preceeding Him, was likely to dispute the Prize of Excellence, as well as Invention, which he was ready to yield to an *Ancient*, but not a *Modern*. And yet nothing is more certain, than that thro' the whole *Pancharis* of *Bonefonius*, there is not one single *Basium*, exempt of Thoughts or Expressions copied from *Secundus*.

As to the Character He holds among the Learned. *La-Monnoye*, in his Additions to the *Menagiana*, is noway favorable to him. "As to the boasted *Pancharis*,

"(says He) of *Bonefonius*; I am far from taking it for

“such a Master-Piece; or admitting the *Latin* to be
 “equal to That of the *Augustan* Age. *Bonefonius* thinks
 “and speaks, rather like the *modern* than *antient* Poets
 “of *Italy*; from the Purity of whose Style and Cha-
 “racter, He is far estrang’d. Can any Thing be less
 “judicious, than those *Phaleucia* against the Needle
 “that had prick’d his Mistress’s Finger? He was not,
 “as it seems, over-solicitous for the Wel-fare of the
 “Fair-one, when He wish’d, the same Needle had prick’d
 “her Heart! He might as well have wish’d her Death,
 “But let Us (proceeds the Critic) examine his *Latinity*
 “a little; I dare affirm, He transgresses in more than
 “one Instance.” After which He draws up a List of
 twenty six Articles; one Half of them, sufficient (as He
 concludes) to show, “That the Praises hitherto so libe-
 “rally bestow’d upon this Poet, are far above his Merit.

And here, in Policy I ought to leave Him, condemn’d
 without Mercy. Pursuant to the usual Practice of Critics,
 who, like opposite Factions in the Commonwealth, pull
 down one Favourite to set up another. Or rather like
 the Savages, that think They inherit the good Qualities
 of Those they devour. And certainly there is Nothing
 more difficult to guard against, than the Zeal of Par-
 tiality for the Books We publish. As it is impossible
 to converse long with Authors of Merit, and not con-
 ceive some little Tenderness and Affection for Them.
 But when translating them, We become one, as it
 were, by a Kind of Naturalization, and from Friends
 and Admirers grow Principals and Parties; what won-
 der if We throw down the Gantlet, and declare Our-
 selves Champions in their Defence? There is no Passion,
 You know, so violent as Self-Interest or Self-Love.

To do Justice therefore to *Bonefonius*. It were easy
 to prove, that almost all the Articles exhibited against
 Him, are either trivial, doubtful, intirely ill-grounded,
 or secretly supported by the Authority of the Antients;
 as any Editor of *Bonefonius* may make out, that has
 Patience or Industry enough to turn over a Dictionary
 or Index: Not that *Bonefonius*, or even *Secundus*, can be
 said, never to have transgress’d against Rule. If some
 ancient Critics could discover Spots even in *Virgil*; how

can

can V
 all, I
 yet d
 mend
 are P
 Hone
 his E
 Time
 But c
 Date
 “a li
 “Bo
 the W
 vocat
 Verse
 that t
 been
 neson
 (conti
 even
 “retu
 “of
 “ble
 “Ag
 “we
 “too
 “mo
 “call
 “of t
 “plai
 “his
 “inse
 “gra
 “his
 this w
 take d

I
 Illu
 All
 Qu

can We expect Infallibility in a modern Writer? After all, I leave You to judge, whether *Bonifonius* may not yet deserve some Part, at least, of those rapturous Commendations given Him by *Borrichius*? That his *Basia* are Pieces of solid Gold; and of Sweetness surpassing Honey! Or by *Rapin*? That, in-regard to the Purity of his Expression, Nothing has been writ in these later Times, with more Delicacy either in *French* or *Latin*! But chiefly by *Menage*? Who tells us, no Poet of modern Date deserves better to be read. "He has left us, (says he) "a little Collection of Poems, intitled *Panchatis Joannis Bonifonii*, and printed at *Paris* in 1587." Which, by the Way, *Gilles Durant*, *Sieur de la Bergerie*, and Advocate of the Parliament of *Paris*, translated into *French* Verse, according to *La-Monnoye*; Who observes further that this Version, as it usually accompanies the *Latin*, has been sometimes attributed, by unattentive Readers, to *Bonifonius* Himself; among Others by *Rapin*; whom *Baillet* (continues He) blindly follows; without understanding even rightly what He meant. "This Collection (to "return to *Menage*) contains little-else besides the Praises "of his Mistress; for the most Part in *Hendeca-Syllables*; of a *Latin* as pure as that of the *Augustan* "Age. Few Poets, since *Catallus*, have succeeded so "well in this Sort of Verse. His only Fault, is being "too soft and effeminate. Whereas *Catullus* breaths a "more masculine Vivacity; Which, however, would be "called *Effronterie*, in an Age so reserved as this. Two "of the prettiest Pieces of his little Book, are; That complaining of the Needle, which instead of wounding "his Mistress's Hand, ought rather to wound her Heart, "insensible to the Darts of Love. The other is an *Epigram* in which He laments the Manner of her seizing "his Heart." That You may be better able to judge of this whole Critic, in which *Menage*, and *La-Monnoye*, take different Parties, I send You the Original.

Basium 2.

*Dic, Acus, mihi, quid mea Puella
Illa candidula, illa delicata,
Albis candidior manus ligustris;
Quid leves digiti, tenellulique,*

I 2

Tantum

*Tantum commeruisse, vel patrasse
Possunt, ut toties, & hos & illam,
Configas stimulo ferociente ?*

*Ab! ne molliculas manus, Ineptâ,
Ne leves digitos & immerentes,
At pectus stimulo acriore punge.
Pectus ! durius omnibus lapillis !
Durius ! scopulisque rupibusque !
Hic stylum altius altiusque fige.
Hic acuminis experire vires.
Quod si mollieris meam Puellam,
Dii ! quantam hinc referes, superba, laudem !
Hâc te cuspide vulnerâsse pectus,
Quod nullis potuit Cupido telis !*

To which I will venture to add this hasty Translation.

Cruel barb'rous Steel, declare ;
(Thou that wrongst, unwrong'd, the Fair !)
Hands so nimble and so white ;
Fingers too, so soft and light ;
(Soft and white as downy Flow'rs,
Wash'd by gentle Vernal Show'rs !)
What dread Wars have They begun ?
What dire Mischiefs have They done ?
Doom'd thy daily Rage to feel,
Daily, cruel, barb'rous Steel ?

But, to wound those Hands forbear ;
Foolish Steel ! those Fingers spare.
On her stubborn Heart, at-will,
Turn thy utmost Force and Skill.
Heart ! as hardest Marble hard !
Turn Thee here without Regard ;
Here thy subtle-pointed Spear,
Turn thy Edge, thy Keeness here.
Where, if hap'ly You prevail ;
(Where ! alas, all others fail !)
How will I extol thy Praise ?
Gods ! in what exalted Lays ?
Thou, that could'st trans-pierce the Heart,
Never touch'd by Cupid's Dart !

But

But if y
Menage
more E
he was

D
Fe
Al
Qu
Ch
Fe
Ch
L'a
Ed
E

Ag
Ag
Di
An
Tu
Ru
Ed
Di
Di
Pro
Ma
Fu
Ch
Qu

Con
Fer
Fer
E a
Si a
D'a
Cui

Here
Menage

But if you desire to see a beautiful Imitation, take this of *Menage*, in *Italian*. For no Native of *Italy* wrote with more Ease in that Language than *Menage*; of which he was equally Master, as of the *Greek* and *Latin*.

Ferita d'Ago.

Di Fillide vezzosa
 Feristi, ago inhumano;
 Ah feristi, crudel, la bella mano.
 Quella mano amorosa,
 Che del regno d'Amor lo scettro porta.
 Feristi quella man dotta ed accorta,
 Che con legni canori
 L'alme invaghisce, e i cori.
 Ed ella stilla sangue:
 E Filli piange, e langue.
 Ma forse, o nobil' ago;
 Ago gentile e vago;
 Agli Amanti cortese:
 Di quella man leggiadra;
 Anzi omicida e ladra;
 Tu bramasti punir ben mille offese.
 Rubb; nol niego; mille alme amorose:
 Ed a' petti tremanti
 Di mille e mille Amanti
 Diede anch' ella infinite
 Profonde, aspre ferite.
 Ma di ciò solamente
 Fu strumento innocente:
 Che la reggeva il core,
 Quell' empio traditore.
 Sù dunque, ago gentile,
 Con tua punta sottile
 Ferisci l'infedele:
 Ferisci quel crudele.
 E a te per ogni clima
 Si darà vento e stima
 D'aver ferito quel superbo core,
 Cui ferir non potea strale d'Amore.

Here follows the Epigram so much commended by *Menage*.

Bafium. 22.

*Errabam in Sylvis; Erranti retia mille,
 Mille Puella plagas infidiosa parat.
 Occupat incautum, corque in sua retia tandem
 Trudit, Et æternâ compede dura premit.
 Hei mihi! sic casses, sic vincula nectis Amanti?
 Hei mihi! sic misero cor violenta rapis?
 Non queror esse tuum; sed eram quod sponte daturus,
 Cor mihi te furto surripuisse queror.*

Thro' Woods I stray'd; a-thousand treach'rous Snares,
 A-thousand Toils th' Insidious Maid prepares.
 Heedless I stray'd; my heedless Heart She gains,
 And holds, and binds secure in lasting Chains.
 Is This your cruel Sport, your subtle Art;
 To seize and captive an unguarded Heart?
 Not that to think Him yours, afflicts my Mind.
 To make Him yours my Soul had long design'd.
 But This, that You possess Him by Deceit,
 Afflicts; not, for the Loss, but for the Cheat.

Menage was so pleased with this Turn, that He put
 it also into *Italian*; but in shorter Verse.

Ladra d'Amore.

*Bellissima Laverna,
 Dolce ladra D'Amore,
 Che mi rubasti il core,
 Tosto che mi mirasti,
 Deb, perchè me'l rubasti?
 Ch'a te, dolce Ben mio,
 Seguendo il mio desire,
 Non l'avrei negat' io.
 Deb, perchè preferire,
 Vuol la man tua divina,
 Al dono, la rapina?*

To conclude. As the *Kisses* of *Bonesonius*, have not
 all the Life nor Vivacity of the *Kisses* of *Secundus*,
 neither are They so copious or so various. For there
 are thirty-three in Number; two thirds of Them at least
 like the *Essays* of *Montaigne*, are wrote upon Occasion
 forei

foreign intirely to the Subject propos'd; as the Two foregoing for Instance: To which *Secundus* rigidly confines Himself thro' his whole Book. Not that by this or any other Objection I seek to rob the *Basia* of *Bonesonius* of their due Merit; or of the just Commendation given Them by *Grudæus*; so much to their Advantage; "that
 " They are happy Imitations of the *Basia* of *Secundus*.

To return to our *Author*. It is surprizing, the natural Beauties of this Work, (Qualities that render the Undertaking more tempting, but more dangerous) have not hitherto produced more frequent Translations. Since there are none, (that I know of at least) in any *Vernacular* Tongue, except our own. The first Attempts I ever saw, were the Four *Basia*; Two of which were done into *English* some Years ago, by Mr. *James Ward*; and Two by Mr. *Elijah Fenton*. The First of Whom has since had the due Fortune (which does not always attend Merit) of being prefer'd to a Deanery in *Ireland*; The Latter, whose Death is much to be regretted, was one of the learned Assistants to Mr. *Pope* in his Translation of the *Odyssey*. He has given Us also that excellent modern Play, the Tragedy of *Mariamne*; a Collection of Poems inscrib'd to Lord *Orrery*; and, which was his last Work, an Edition of *Waller* with Observations, as the *Italians* have publish'd their *Petrarch*; and the *French* their *Malherbe*. Whatever he left behind, finish'd or unfinish'd, He ordered, as I am inform'd, to be burn'd, with his latest Breath. To Mr. *Ward*, the World is indebted for the Poems of *Phænix-Park*; of the *Foot-Race* at *Finglass*; of the *Grotto*, inserted in the *Spectator*; and several other ingenious Pieces. You will not wonder at, or easily forgive, the Liberty I take of mixing their Translation with mine. For whatever may be said of my Imprudence, to give it a gentle Term, in attempting the rest; I must assume some Merit to Myself, from not attempting These. The Truth is, I look'd upon Them with Reverence and Affection, as the first Guides that introduced Me to the Knowledge of *Secundus*. Whom not being able to meet in any of the Booksellers Shops in *Dublin*, where I then was; (and by the Way,

it is not very easy to meet Him in Those of *London*;) I found at last in that Chamber, particularly, of the *St. Sepulchre-Library*; which is fill'd with the Books of the famous *Le Fevre de Saumur*, Father to *Madam D'Acier*; A classical Collection chiefly, which the Possessor had so well studied in his Youth; and was necessitated in his old Age to part with for Bread. Here, charmed at the first reading of the *Basia*, I could not forbear transcribing Them; having Admittance at all Hours by the Humanity of the *Librarian*. The View I had then, was barely an Exemplar for the Encouragement of the Press; which begun about this Time to produce new Editions of ancient Authors, as of *Horace* and *Virgil*, with great Correctness. A long Summer in the Country, without Business or Books, drew Me insensibly beyond my first Design; which the learned Reader will more easily pardon; since the Translation is every where accompany'd by the Original. A Method I should chuse to observe; if ever I found Leisure to publish, the Odes of *Anacreon*, and the *Idylliums* of *Moschus* and *Bion*; I mean an intire Version of them in *English Verse*. The World has already had a Specimen, at the End of Mr. *Sterling's Musæus*. For as by giving the Translation, a Man has the Pleasure of indulging his Foible; so by giving the Original, He makes an immediate Atonement, as a Contributor to the main Stock of Learning. After taking these Pains with the *Basia* of *Secundus*, it was some Mortification to hear that They were translated already, by an able Hand. But there was great Reason to fear, when I understood the Person meant was Mr. *Stanley*, whose Lives of the *Philosophers* are wrote, it is hard to say, whether with more Taste or Erudition. The *Clouds* of *Aristophanes*, and the Sonnet of *Hieronymo Benivieni*, inserted in these Lives, were troublesome Proofs of his Turn for Poetry. But upon a Survey of his Book, which is exceeding scarce; I found Mr. *Stanley* had touch'd only fourteen of the *Kisses*. Here not only the 20th *Basium*, or rather the *Epithalamium*, is omitted; but the 8th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 14th. Some of which may be thought superior to the rest, for their Turn and Humor. All the other, excepting the 1st
and

and 2d done by Mr. *Fenton*, and the 9th and 16th, done by Mr. *Ward*, I once intended to have given of Mr. *Stanley's* Translation, instead of my own; 'till I consider'd, that tho' his Verses run with great Smoothness for that Age; with greater, perhaps, than any other Contemporary Poet, except Mr. *Waller*: Yet, not to disguise, our *English* Numbers have, within these late Years, received such considerable Improvements, from the particular Application of some masterly Writers, from Mr. *Dryden* and Mr. *Pope* especially; that I was soon persuaded Mr. *Stanley's* Version, whatever it deserves upon Account of Antiquity, could never please the Taste of the present Times; when even *bad Poets* are found to be *good Versificators*. It is now full 80 Years, since Mr. *Stanley*, returning from his Travels, first publish'd his *Kisses*; with other Translations, as well from the learned as modern Languages, *Greek*, *Latin*, *French*, *Italian*, and *Spanish*, together with some original Poems; printed in the Year 1651.

I shall not be thought to exaggerate, if I remind you, before We part, that in one Particular, *Secundus* deserts, greatly to his Advantage, the Example of his Master; I would say, in setting stricter Bounds to his Expressions. For by the Distinction *Catullus* makes between the *Moral* and *Poetic* Character, We must conclude; He thought a full Liberty of Speech the first Essential in Poetry.

Nam castum esse pium Poetam

Ipsum; versiculos, nihil necesse est:

Qui tum denique habent Salem, ac leporem;

Si sunt molliculi, ac parum pudici,

Et quod pruriat incitare possunt,

Non dico Pueris, sed his Pilosis.

Ye pious Bards, strict Virtue chuse,
To guide your Life; not rule your Muse;
Then, with true Wit and Beauty grac'd;
When most luxuriant, and lest chaste.
For, loosely-wrought, the luscious Page,
Incites, not only Youth, but Age.

But:

But *Catullus*, I doubt, was mistaken in This. And They that turn their Thoughts on Love-Subjects, cannot do better than to cloath them in the neatest Words. Would They succeed even in the Manner They propose. For the Use of *vulgar* and *arbitrary* Words, is not always the most certain, as it is never the most pleasing Way of conveying our Sentiments. This Precept may seem at first a little abstruse; but take it in this Light. *Vulgar* and *arbitrary* Words, grown familiar by Custom, or of which We lose by Time the true Etymology, and original Signification, scarce ever figure to our Minds the Qualities or Effects of those Things for which They stand; whereas the Circuit taken to avoid These, puts us under a Necessity of characterizing by their Qualities, and painting by their Effects the Things themselves. Now this Art of Characterizing, or Painting to the Fancy, makes a stronger Impression, and leaves a more striking Image on the Mind, as it veils the Object, at first, from View; and, for a while suspends it; allowing Room for Examination, and Leisure for Reflection. For Instance, when *Secundus* breaking thro' his usual Reserve, says in plain Terms,

*Quæ certè, sine Mentulâ Libellum,
Mavult, quàm sine Mentulâ, Poetam.* B. 12.

Tho' we may pardon Him, this Slip, as He calls it, *evolante voce*, design'd only as a Trap for the Prudes; no Body will say, that plain Phrase of Nature, paints half so lively the Thing He means, as when He characterizes it thus in his *Epithalamium* by it's Qualities and Effects.

*Huc, illuc, agilis feratur Hasta
Quam crebro furibunda verset ictu,
Non Martis Soror, ast Amica Martis,
Semper læta novo cruore Venus.* - B. 20.

Not but these Images may sometimes be drawn too glaring; and it were much to be wish'd *Secundus* had given more Shade to This.

*At nervo toties rigens supino,
Pertundam tunicas meas, tuasque,
Et desiderio furens inani,
Tabescam, miser, æstuante Venâ. B. 14.*

Which however is modest enough, compar'd to some Passages of *Catullus*. For the most Part, whatever Excess *Secundus* commits, consists rather in his Thoughts, than in his Expressions. A Quality that must render Him more acceptable to the present Age, which, by an odd Circulation of Manners, is not really more chaste than the preceding, is at least more decent outwardly. We seem generally convinc'd, of the Truth of that Rule laid down by a late polite Author, the Duke of *Buckinghamshire*, that this Restraint is absolutely requisite.

Not that warm Thoughts of the transporting Joy,
Can shock the Chastest, or the Nicest cloy;
But Words obscene, too gross to move Desire,
Like Heaps of Fuel only choak the Fire.

Thus the *Cabinet of Rochester* disgusts the most Dissolute; while the *Tales of Prior* unbend the most parochial Prude. This Manner *Secundus* studied, as He pretends in his Fourteenth *Basium*, to please his *Mistress Neera*; a Lady of so nice a Turn, that, tho' She thought none so good as a *wanton Lover*, She thought none so bad as a *wanton Poet*. And as He ow'd, undoubtedly, some Part of his Politeness to the Opportunities He had of conversing with Persons of the first Distinction; which rais'd in Him a true Aversion and Contempt, as appears by his Works, for that affected Stiffness, and decisive Pedantry, that smells of the College; Witness the *Epigram* to the *Grammarians*, at the End of his *Kisses* knowing,

That none have been with *Admiration* read,
But who besides their *Learning* were *well-bred*.

According to the Observation of *Lord Roscommon*, of which He gave, not only the Precept, but Proof: So, if I be allowed to carry my Complaisance thus far, *Secundus* caught, I am apt to imagine, some Part of his

This Delicacy from the Passion He every where witnesses for the *Fair-Sex*. For nothing, it is observable, polishes so effectually (whatever other Inconveniences it may bring with it) as Female Conversation. Whether it be that Women, in their natural Complexion, have more Politeness, as They have more Softness than Men; and that the more We are with Them, the more We get of this Delicacy, as it were by Contact; Or whether the secret Inclination We feel to please them, is the sole Mover, and turns Us of itself, not only to adorn our Bodies, but to imbellish our Minds, from the bare Principle of appearing the more agreeable to Them.

This is remarkable of *Secundus*, that He touches his Subject with so much Tenderneſs, that *Andreas Alciatus* affects to doubt whether *Neæra* granted the last Favour or not.

Extremum ſi poſt tot dulcia Baſia finem

Neæra conceſſit tibi;

Quin illum potius celebras? nocteſque beatas

Ad alta tollis Sidera?

Si non conceſſit, & adhuc tua meſſis in herba eſt;

Quò tot Cataglottismata?

O ſegnem Veneris tironem, & perdere dignum

Quæ jam recepit præmia!

If, after ev'ry ſweetly-varied Kiſs,

Neæra gave the Heav'nly Blis;

Why, ſing You not that Night of boundleſs Love,

And raiſe it to the Gods above?

But if the Heav'nly Blis She ſtill with-hold;

Why ev'ry Kiſs profuſely told?

Leſs-worthy, to increaſe the pleaſing Store;

Than loſe what You had reap'd before!

To which *Gulielmus Cripius* replies in another *Epi-gram*;

Si quæ lacteolis genis Neære

Si quæ purpureis labris dedisti;

Illi Baſia tam fuere grata,

Quam quæ verſiculis tuis, Secunde,

Doctis & lepidis tulisti ad aſtra

Doctis

*Doctis, Basia ab omnibus probantur ;
Fallor, Basia in illa tam beata
Quædam gaudia sint beatiora,
Et suavius his quid insecutum.*

If so those *Kisses* touch'd thy Heart ;
So 'as thy well-turn'd Lays impart ;
Prest on those Cheeks as Iv'ry white !
Prest on those Lips as Purple bright !
What tho' you rais'd Them to the Skies ?
Who wonders truly learn'd, or wise ?
Blest in the Joys so well reveal'd !
Blest in the Joys so well conceal'd !
In Joys more sweet than *Kisses* blest !
But fitly by no Words exprest !

So that when *Baillet* says ; He can hardly pardon the Licence and Unruliness of his Muse ; but upon Consideration of the Weakness of his Light, and the Force of his Passions, in so tender an Age ; We must not understand that Censure as meant of his *Basia*. Or if it was ; for not satisfied with this, He continues, " Not that any Age, or any Consideration whatsoever can serve Excuse for bad Impressions, either to Those, that make a Practice of giving them, or to Those that are willing to receive Them : " You will think this Censure, I dare say, a little too outrageous, as it was malicious. For *Baillet* intended here, thro' the Sides of *Secundus*, a Lash for *Menage* and other his contemporary Poets ; from a Disagreement with Whom, He frequently goes so far as to condemn all *Love-Verses*. As *Madam de Maintenon* could not bear the Antiques in the Gardens of *Versailles*, 'till they were cover'd with Fig-leaves, like our first Parents, in those of *Eden*. But there is more Folly than Wit in this Sort of Prudery ; into which some grave Men have ridiculously fallen ; so egregiously zealous, as not only to deface, for the Honor of Christianity, the best Statues, but destroy the best Authors of Antiquity. But of this perhaps more at large on some future Occasion. In the mean Time, I beg leave to recommend to all modern *Maintenons*, the Example of a certain *Roman* Lady, mention'd by *Livy* ; who, full

as chaste, tho' not quite so scrupulous, as the Mistress of Lewis XIV. solicited even the Pardon of One that had appeared indecently before Her: Upon this Maxim: "that to a Woman of Virtue, a naked Man was no more than a Statue.

To such, however, as may take Party either against the Author or Translator; still apprehensive of these dangerous Impressions, from Principles of an over-scrupulous Virtue; To Such I again beg leave, to apply in the Words of that excellent Judge of Men as well as Books, Dr. Sprat; Who, talking of the *Love-Verses* of Mr. Cowley, observes as justly, as candidly; "That it is a vain Thing "to make any Kind of Apology for that Sort of Writing. If devout or virtuous Men (says He) will *super-* "ciliously forbid the Minds of the Young, to adorn "those Subjects about which They are most conversant; "They would put them out of all Capacity of performing graver Matters, when They come to Them. For "the Exercises (continues He) of all Mens Wits, must "be always proper for their Age, and never too much "above it: And by Practice and Use in lighter Arguments, They grow up at last to excel in the most "Weighty."

Not that I am vain enough to hint by This, that I think My-self capable of any mighty Attempt; but that I would turn this Apology to the Service of Those that read, as well as Those that write, in this Way. So that amidst those important Affairs which carry'd You from Us, least any one reproach You with these lighter Studies, I am willing to arm You beforehand, with proper Authorities for your Defence. Tho' probably at this Time, You have less Occasion to wish a Release from your troublesome Business, than from your talkative Friend, *****

F I N I S.



